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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—October 21, 1972, 50 cents

Cutting Up McGovern

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The Student Academic Freedom Forum presents:

How Much of Yesterday's Heresy
Is
Today's Science?

IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY *Reconsidered*

Special Issue • Pensée Magazine • Stephen L. Talbott, Editor • First Printir

During the 1950's Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky published his bestsellers, *Worlds in Collision* and *Earth in Upheaval,* in which he argued that the earth suffered a series of cosmic catastrophes during historical times. These upheavals, he claimed, sculpted our planet's face and changed the course of history, bringing an end to Egypt's Middle Kingdom, destroying civilizations around the world, an the Israelite Exodus. (This last receives detail in *Ages in Chaos.*) Initially castigated for scientists, Velikovsky has now been vindicat ous space-age discoveries. This special issu surveys the evidence.

The Scientific Mafia — *David Stove, senior lecturer, department of philosophy, University of Sydney, Australia*
How Stable is the Solar System? — *Dr. C. J. Ransom, plasma physicist, General Dynamics*
A Record of Success — *Thomas Ferte, department of humanities, Oregon College of Education*
37 documented confirmations of Velikovsky's scientific claims, most of which were considered unlikely or impossible when he first voiced them. For example, regarding the moon, Velikovsky deduced (before the Apollo landings) that (1) the lunar "rocks and lavas could conceivably be rich in remanent magnetism resulting from strong currents when in the embrace of exogenous magnetic fields"; (2) "Since the moon was heated and its surface became molten only a few thousand years ago, the temperature gradient under the surface crust will show, to some depth, a mounting curve"; and (3) "excessively strong radioactivity will be detected in localized areas" on the moon.
Lunar Rocks and Velikovsky's Claims — *Dr. Derek York, associate professor, geophysics division, University of Toronto*
When Was the Lunar Surface Last Molten? — *Immanuel Velikovsky*
Magnetic Remanence of Lunar Rocks/A Candid Look at Scientific Misbehavior — *Robert Treash, San Diego Evening College*
"One or more Apollo missions could have been spared were Velikovsky's books and memoranda considered."
On Decoding Hawkins' Stonehenge Decoded — *Immanuel Velikvosky*
A full-length analysis of Stonehenge and its meaning in the light of cosmic catastrophes during man's history.
The Censorship of Velikovsky's Interdisciplinary Synthesis — *Dr. Lynn Rose, professor, department of philosophy, State University of New York (Buffalo)*
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Shapley, Velikovsky and the Scientific Spirit — *Dr. Horace Kallen, co-founder and former dean of the graduate faculty, and research professor in social philosophy, New School for Social Research*
Einstein's reaction to the suppressive efforts against Velikovsky is revealed in a letter 30 days before his death.
Velikovsky at Harvard — *Stephen Talbott, editor, Pensee magazine*
The dramatic story of Velikovsky's lecture and seminar last February 17-18 to an enthusiastic crowd at Harvard.
Is Venus' Heat Decreasing? — *Immanuel Velikovsky*
Akhnaten, Aten and Venus Reconsidered — *Lewis Greenberg, assistant professor, department of art, Franklin and Marshall College*
Could Mars Have Been an Inner Planet? — *Dr. Lynn Rose, professor, department of philosophy, State University of New York (Buffalo)*
Venus' Circular Orbit — *Chris Sherrerd, electrical engineer*

Also:
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CLAPTRAP ABOUT AGING

Contrary to popular belief, old persons are not necessarily lonely or desolate. Few ever show overt signs of senility. For those who do, psychological and psychiatric treatment is by no means futile.

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An educator who has collected and studied more than a million pieces of children's art over the past 20 years has made some startling discoveries. Children's scribblings and drawings, she says, contain a voluminous written message which has not yet been completely deciphered.

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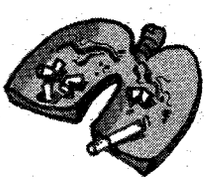

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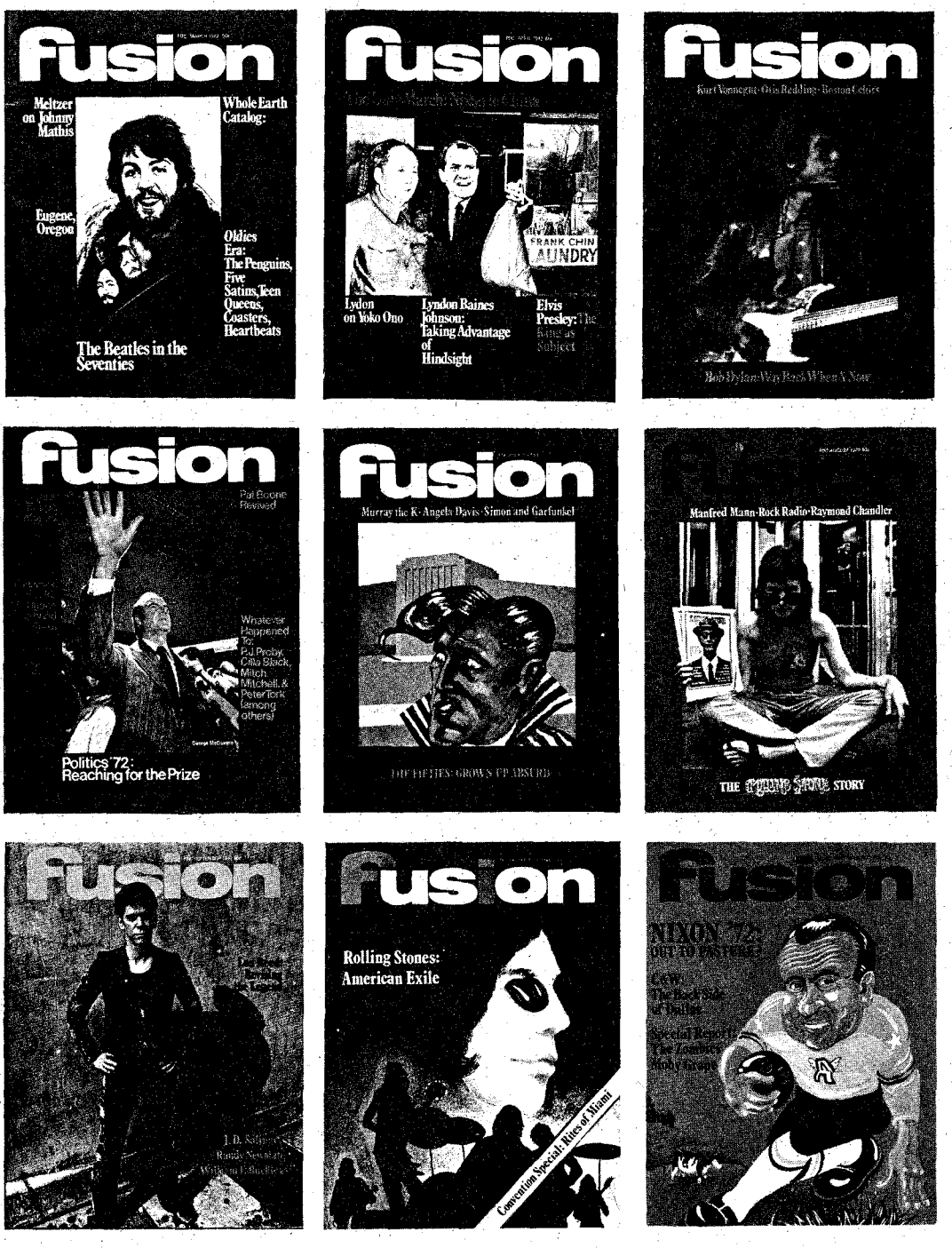

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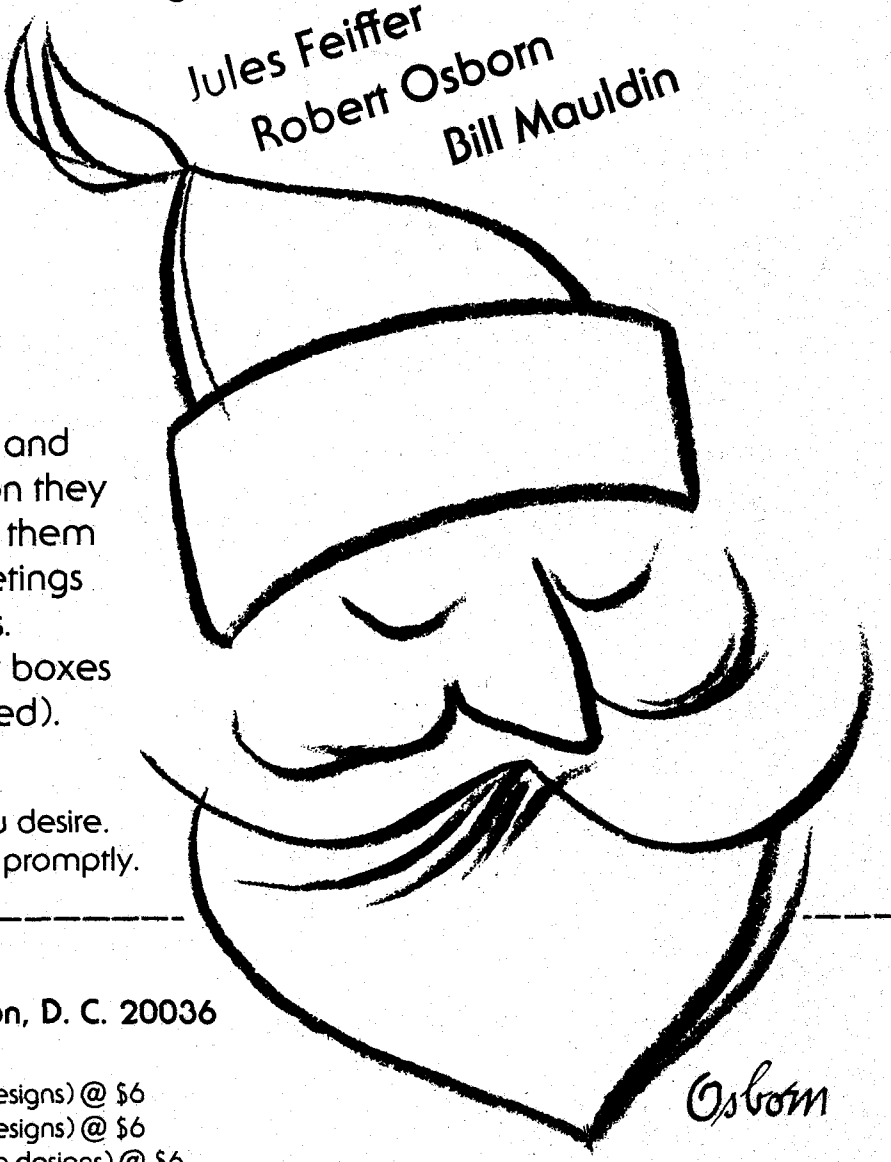

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TRB

from Washington
October 21, 1972

Unchecked, Unbalanced

The biggest change in Washington in 50 years, I think, is the growth of the presidency. All the talk here now is about war and taxes. The one thing that is taken for granted for both is that the President is arbiter. He decides. Congress is Democratic but it yields to the Republican President anyway. It didn't use to be that way. To get a fixed point on the change let's go back 50 years. All right, it's 1922. Warren Harding is President.

Things moved slowly then. You went to Europe by boat. You went to Los Angeles by train. Little radio; no television. "Back to normalcy," was the cry. The State Department and the War Department were housed in one building on Pennsylvania Avenue. Maybe Harding was an extreme example (you can take Coolidge or Hoover if you prefer), but one thing you can say, power wasn't concentrated in one man as now, in an aloof, monarchical, puissant President in the White House. There were other centers of power. The change has come almost imperceptively, but that is the big change. For example, in 1922 there was a Cabinet with some collective responsibility. There were crooks in it like Albert Fall and Harry Daugherty, but there were also powerful figures like Hughes and Mellon and Hoover, and the President consulted them. How things have changed. The real power is centered not in the Nixon Cabinet but in the executive office of the President, Peter Flanigan, Erlichmann, Haldeman; faceless figures, they are the center of government; they decide who sees the President. Wally Hickel couldn't get past them when he was secretary of the interior. An amusing example was the effort of Republican Senator Percy of Illinois to talk to the President recently in behalf of the Consumer Protection Agency bill. Somehow he couldn't arrange to lay his case before the President but Bryce Harlow, fighting against the consumer bill for Procter & Gamble, had no trouble with the White House establishment at all.

How about the press 50 years ago? The press, in its curious way, has always been a counterbalancing power to the President. Individual reporters are as aggressive today as were Ray Clapper, Clinton Gilbert, Bill Hard and Tom Stokes in 1922, but there has been a loss of power, I think. Fifty years ago Harding instituted twice-a-week press conferences and reporters questioned him closely; Mr. Nixon contemptuously has all but ended them and the flabby press makes little protest. The Supreme Court last year came close to abridging the freedom of the press in its right to publish the Pentagon Papers (and may have a majority on this issue with another Nixon appointee). As this is written, a reporter is in jail in New Jersey because the Court ruled in another case, 5-to-4, that reporters must divulge confidential news sources (all four Nixon justices voted "yes"). Is this a trend? It makes us shiver a little.

The Supreme Court can be as much of a brake on the President as it was 50 years ago but a powerful President has means of undercutting it, temporarily at least: he can pack it with men of his own thinking as Mr. Nixon is doing, or he can urge Congress to limit its authority as he has been trying to do in his support of the anti-busing bill, or he can urge a change in basic law. "We would have to move on the constitutional amendment front," he warned on busing, October 5. The Court does not initiate matters and rarely deals with foreign affairs.

So that leaves Congress. The story of the past half century has been the gradual decline of Congress and the rise of the White House. It's been like a seesaw, one down, the other up. Theoretically Congress has the power of the purse if it will exert it; the Founding Fathers assumed it would be the active agency in Washington. It could be and would be if it put its house in order. For 50 years (and longer) observers have said that—and Congress hasn't acted. Now comes a showdown over taxes.

Why hasn't Congress, a Democratic Congress, acted on taxes? The tax disparity is outrageous. The tax rate on wages and salaries is higher than on income from dividends; why should the income from a man who sweats for a living be taxed at a rate higher than on one who cuts coupons? Why should states hawk tax-free bonds like papal indulgences in the Middle Ages? Under the present law a family of four with an income of $10,000 would pay the following federal tax: a garage mechanic who earned it in wages, $905; a speculator who sold corporate stocks, real estate or other so-called capital gains, $98; a man who clipped coupons from local or state bonds, no tax.

It has been a sorry sight to watch the wind-up of this 92nd Congress. "No fault" insurance was dropped. Health care and tax reform got nowhere. Two years' effort to regulate private pensions, and three years' debate over the Nixon welfare program, produced no result. Regulations for strip mining and a tighter gun control law disappeared; big retail houses ganged up against the Consumer Protection Agency program. The session wound up with Mr. Nixon cracking the whip and demanding his $250 billion spending ceiling and the House supinely going along. In all these years Congress has refused to accept the minimal self-discipline of setting up a budget and squaring income with outgo. Because it would not put its house in order its powers have leaked away. And it has had to hear the President lecture it as he did last week. Congress permits the President to take funds appropriated for one program and transfer them to another. In 1971, for example, the Office of Management and Budget impounded almost a third of the money approved for housing and increased the Pentagon's spending $2 billion above the Pentagon's own estimates. The power of the purse is all but gone.

Senator McGovern in his splendid speech on Vietnam last week noted that Mr. Nixon's invasion of Cambodia was "made without the approval of Congress as required by our Constitution." Where does it end if the old system of checks and balances disappears? Mr. Nixon is not the man-on-horseback type. But if one should come along? As for the McGovern speech, we thought he summed up the election aptly: "Mr. Nixon has described the Vietnam war as our finest hour. I regard it as the saddest chapter in our national history."

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 167, No. 15, Issue 3015, October 21, 1972. Published weekly (except the issues of January 1, July 29, August 12, and August 26, 1972) and distributed by* The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 50¢; Yearly subscriptions $15; Foreign $18; Armed Forces personnel or students, $10. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright 1972 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc. Item g.* *Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.*

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The Quota Controversy

Judging by the outcry, one might guess that quotas in hiring had become as rampant and destructive as racial discrimination itself. In the last month, quota-setting has won a place alongside war, crime and inflation as one of the scourges from which both of our presidential candidates have promised to deliver us. Never a man to dodge a delicate subject when votes can be won, the President in his Labor Day statement, September 3, produced a stunning repudiation of such an "artificial yardstick as has ever been used to deny opportunity to anyone. . . . The basic idea of quotas," he said, "is anti-ability wherever it is applied." A bold stand, almost as courageous as his previous denunciation of welfare bums. It has an edge, a belligerent rasp suggesting that perhaps the President was ready to batter his enemies with this opinion. Yet it's hard to imagine how he could have used the quota controversy to advantage, because George McGovern agrees with him.

Nixon and McGovern were sent identical letters by the American Jewish Committee (AJC) on August 4 asking them to "reject categorically the use of quotas and proportional representation in implementing vitally essential affirmative action programs." McGovern replied that "I can assure you . . . that I share the concerns you have expressed and reject the quota system as detrimental to American society." The President said virtually the same, adding that "I have asked the appropriate departmental heads to review their policies to ensure conformance with these views" (August 11). Spiro Agnew, characteristically, had the strongest words. He said the quota system would "push America backward, back into the failures of a bygone era of narrow-minded prejudice and internecine conflicts."

The remarkable fact in all this is that there are no quotas in federal hiring; none at all. The Labor Department was the first to make this plain in a speech on September 13 by Assistant Secretary Richard Grunewald, a speech drafted to shut off rumors that the President had ordered a weakening of minority hiring plans. Former Assistant Secretary of Labor Arthur Fletcher and several other unnamed sources had earlier been quoted as saying Mr. Nixon was giving up on the Philadelphia and "hometown" plans that require contractors to meet federal standards of employment. They alleged that the President's order to eliminate quotas, if any, was a code signal to water down all

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schemes that promote hiring of women and minorities.

Grunewald denied these rumors and went on to say, "We have *never* used quotas." Two days later Labor Secretary Hodgson issued a memo to all heads of agencies stating that his review of minority hiring policies showed there were no quotas and that the programs would continue unchanged. HEW said the same of its hiring plans, and even the AJC has indicated that it knew all along that "quotas have never been authorized."

What the government does have, and what the AJC may have been complaining about, is a hiring program called "affirmative action." It's administered in three large segments: one by the Civil Service over government jobs, one by HEW over colleges that accept federal grants and one by the Labor Department over federal contractors. In essence it requires all federally funded employers to commit themselves to a schedule of hiring that will eventually bring a balanced number of blacks, Chicanos, Puerto Ricans, other "minorities" and women into their labor pool. Each employer decides how many he will hire (called "goals" not "quotas"), what variety and by what deadline. The government simply enforces what the employer has already imposed on himself.

Although Nixon and McGovern readily denounce quotas, neither attacks the affirmative action program. Written in congenial terms that stress "targets," the program is actually one of the toughest anti-discrimination orders now in use. Under it, the employer creates his own goals, that's true. But in doing so he must satisfy a local government supervisor, and if he fails to meet the goals, he must explain why. There's no penalty if he comes up with a good explanation, but if the government decides he has not made a "good faith effort" to hire minority applicants, he can lose federal money. The difference between this and some other civil rights programs is that it emphasizes results.

By definition, these rules aren't enforcing quotas because they don't set a numerical limit by race or sex on the types of people to be hired. Instead they require colleges and contractors who haven't already done so to begin recruiting for a pool of employees whose racial and sexual mix roughly approximates the mix of qualified professionals available. In practice this gives preference to minority applicants. The newly published HEW guidelines for college hiring (October 4) state that, "The affirmative action concept does not require a university to employ or promote any persons who are unqualified." But it says nothing about the equally qualified. The implication is that, all other considerations being equal, you'd better promote blacks, women, Chicanos, Puerto Ricans, Indians and Orientals. This is the point on which debate should focus. It would be instructive, for instance, to hear Mr. Nixon's opinion of the affirmative action program, or of the worth of measuring an employer's promises against his record. But he hasn't given it; we'll have to be content with his stern message on quotas.

Although there is no clear sign that the President's rejection of nonexistent quotas will have an effect on the bureaucracy's civil rights policy, prominent blacks have said they fear the worst. As mentioned, Arthur Fletcher is convinced that the Philadelphia plan for hiring minority construction workers is dying for lack of enforcement. Herbert Hill, the national labor director of the NAACP, believes that the administration ceased to care about the plan as soon as Fletcher left the Labor Department. Hill cites as an example the resignation last June 1 of George Holland, who quit his post as director of the Labor Department's Office of Contract Compliance because he felt his power to act against discriminatory firms had been weakened. Nevertheless, Hill says, the net effect of the Philadelphia plan has been positive. The Labor Department achieved its limited objective of assuring that more than 14 percent of the manhours worked under the plan in the last seven months were carried out by minority workers. The department has banned three contractors from accepting federal money because they would not cooperate.

The Office of Civil Rights at HEW hasn't reached the point yet where it might ban a college from receiving federal funds. Most affirmative action plans involve three- or five-year deadlines; none has fallen due. But in persuading them to develop specific goals and timetables, HEW has had to prod 14 universities with temporary suspension of funds, $23 million in all. For example, HEW was on the verge of penalizing Brown University when it received a satisfactory plan at the last moment in April 1972. Although it must be revised, the plan as offered is typical: Brown admits that, "The university does not, on balance, appear to utilize minorities in proportion to their availability" and proposes a three-year schedule of hiring as a remedy. Among nonfaculty workers, it divides occupations into nine categories, setting targets for hiring in each—five new minority "officials or managers," 14 new "professionals," eight new "technical workers" and so on. The analysis and target-setting are recalculated to gauge the number of women needed, and then the entire process is repeated for faculty hiring.

Herbert Hill of the NAACP says that "race conscious injuries require race conscious remedies," and that "good faith" isn't enough. This is an element of the affirmative action program that must be recognized. But there is at present no better way to coax lethargic universities and labor contractors than to ask them to define their goals and their deadlines. In this instance, it *is* worth paying more attention to what the administration does than to what it says. In practice, the government will continue to ask employers to hire and promote people who heretofore have been given the dullest, worst paid jobs.

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McGovern's Peace Plan

Senator McGovern would "immediately terminate any shipments of military supplies" to Indochina (apparently with no prior understanding on Russian and Chinese shipments). He would remove our military presence including "all salvageable American military equipment" within 90 days of his inauguration (he does not speculate on what might happen between November 8 and January 20, 1973). He would "expect" the North to respond by returning all prisoners of war within the 90 days; then he would dismantle US bases in Thailand (their removal has never been demanded by Hanoi). He would "allow" the Vietnamese to "work out their own settlement," after which the US would "join with other countries in repairing the wreckage left by this war."

Whether or not this is a plan for peace, it is certainly a plan for unilateral withdrawal, and unilateral withdrawal would be preferable to another four years of an American-supported war. To accept it as a plan for peace, we must assume that a President's decision to disengage, or the act of disengagement itself, will trigger a collapse of the Thieu government and its peaceful replacement by a coalition that will negotiate with the North. That might happen. We cannot say it would not happen. But President Thieu is a dictator with a formidable military force at his command, with or without the US air force and navy. He may hold on, keeping his internal opponents disarmed if not jailed, continuing the battle against the North and against his enemies in the South. Indeed, one cannot rule out the possibility that Thieu would make life very uncomfortable for US forces trying to remove "all salvageable equipment" now in South Vietnamese hands.

McGovern's analogy with the French in 1954 is somewhat misleading. Mendes-France agreed to quit fighting—not a difficult decision after Dien Bien Phu—and to arrange a settlement for the future of Vietnam, but his was not a plan for unilateral French disengagement. Following the settlement that was negotiated that year in Geneva, French prisoners were returned; elections were held in 1956, uniting Vietnam. But the settlement was endorsed by all the participants in the war, as well as outside interested parties. Mendes-France had stated, moreover, that if negotiations failed, his last act as premier would be to sponsor a bill authorizing the use of French draftees in Vietnam.

The practicality of McGovern's too-rigid 90-day deadline for withdrawing a decade's worth of equipment is likewise questionable, though he says that he has been assured by competent military authorities that it can be met. His assurances may be based on the Korean experience in which we staged a major withdrawal to *Japan* within 14 days after the armistice. The experience in this war, however, has been that it takes an average of 89 days for a cargo vessel to make the round trip to Vietnam; many of the ships that were used in the 1960s are no longer under charter, have been scrapped or returned to mothballs. Furthermore, the US no longer controls the ports in Vietnam, having turned over these facilities to the Thieu government. Our use of the ports could be denied, or unacceptable conditions placed on their use by the South Vietnamese government.

Senator McGovern's reference to the North Vietnamese proposal of 1971 on POWs is also open to question. There were two key elements in Hanoi's proposal: all US and other non-South Vietnamese forces must be withdrawn from Vietnam, and the release would encompass ". . . the totality of military men of *all* parties [italics added] and of the civilians captured in the war (including American pilots captured in North Vietnam . . .)." There is the further condition that "these two operations will begin on the same date and will end on the same date." By not mentioning the prisoners held by the Thieu government, McGovern leaves the impression that prisoner exchange could be settled between the US and North Vietnam alone. It cannot, which is why it might be more useful to send Sargent Shriver to Saigon rather than to Hanoi to expedite the prisoners' release.

A commitment to help repair the wreckage in Southeast Asia is an honorable one, but it overlooks the immediate problem before and during a cease-fire. What, for instance, is to happen to the refugees who are being fed each day by air drops conducted by Air Asia and Air America? What is to happen to the irregular and mercenary forces which we have indiscriminately scattered throughout the area? Who is going to pay them and feed them until they can find their old lives? It will not do to say that the US disavows any responsibility. We have incurred responsibilities wrongly, but they are ours.

Finally, Senator McGovern's speech of last week, as well as his earlier, general review of foreign policy, overtax the saving power of good intentions. He may not believe in power politics, but power and politics are indivisible. Our entrapment in the horror of Vietnam cannot end with no more than, "Sorry, we made a mistake, we're leaving." We must come home, yes, but we must also negotiate a settlement. It cannot be a settlement ratifying a nonexistent victory; yet it must be one that does not insist that 55,000 Americans have died in vain. It is the task of statesmanship to help us transcend our sense of loss and shame.

These doubts do not lead us to the side of Secretary Laird, who fatuously dismisses McGovern's plan as "unconditional surrender." For the reverse side of our misgivings about McGovern's means is the proven inability of this administration by any means to make peace. This has been Nixon's, not McGovern's war, and whatever may belatedly come of current talks in Paris, it is Nixon's four-year failure that overshadows all else.

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The Nixon Watch

Cutting Up McGovern

A Nixon assistant, Patrick Buchanan, has on his desk a copy of Robert Sam Anson's biography of Senator George McGovern (*McGovern*—Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $7.95). Many passages are underlined. The one most heavily marked, the one Buchanan calls "that baby" and reads aloud with loving joy, quotes McGovern as follows on his unsuccessful effort to defeat Senator Karl Mundt of South Dakota in 1960: "It was my worst campaign. I hated him so much I lost my sense of balance. I was too negative. I made some careless charges. When the media in the state turned against me, the television and radio stations and almost all the newspapers, I got kind of rattled. I got on the defensive. I started explaining and answering things I should have ignored. It was hard to get a hook in Mundt."

McGovern on McGovern in this passage is one of the texts that Buchanan and the five other members of Richard Nixon's White House "attack group" rely upon in their daily, incessant watch upon the senator's campaign performance and their attendant effort to spot and make the most of his mistakes and weaknesses. In their roles as the working tacticians of the Nixon campaign, the assistants who provide Vice President Agnew, Cabinet members and some 50 lesser surrogates with ideas and suggestions for jabs at McGovern, the members of the attack group are under orders from the President and his staff chief, H. R. Haldeman, to keep their assignment and even the office where they convene hidden from the press. The senior attacker is Charles Colson, special counsel to the President, a lawyer who spends a lot of time with Mr. Nixon and none at all, nowadays, with reporters who have him rightly tagged as the assistant in charge of dirty tricks. The others are Ken W. Clawson, until last February a first-rate newspaper reporter who was recruited by Colson to be the President's deputy director of communications; Pat Buchanan, a conservative writer who is among the few genuine ideologues left among the pragmatists in Nixon's service; Wallace Johnson, a White House lobbyist who represents William Timmons, the chief lobbyist, in the attack group; and Edward Failor, a special assistant to Clark MacGregor, a former Minnesota congressman and White House assistant who replaced former Attorney General John N. Mitchell as the director of the Committee to Reelect the President after the bugging of the Democratic headquarters was discovered last summer. Failor chairs the attack group in Colson's absence and is regarded at the reelection committee, where the strong White House hand is resented, as the group's dominant member. Albert E. Abrahams, a public relations specialist who moved from the White House to the committee soon after MacGregor did, also sits with the group and acts for MacGregor when Failor is occupied elsewhere.

The original assignment of the attack group was to get George McGovern down. Now it is to keep him down. Its visible way of doing this is to track his every word and action, partly from press reports and partly from the personal and more or less covert observation that occurs in all national political campaigns and has been brought to an unprecedented level of skill and thoroughness in the Nixon campaign. Nixon observers are present at every McGovern appearance just as —or so the Nixonites assume—McGovern observers are at every Nixon and Nixon surrogate performance. The Nixon tacticians have arranged, as they assume their McGovern counterparts have, to have friendly watchers and informants in newspaper offices, television and radio studios and, where and as they can manage it, among the opponent's workers and supporters at campaign centers from the national headquarters down to precincts.

This is standard campaign procedure, within accepted political norms. There is, however, factual basis for the impression that the Nixon people, endowed with more campaign money than is good for them and imbued with a driving ambition to amass for the President the biggest popular majority in recent times, have stretched the accepted procedures to extreme and, even by the loose standards of applied politics, dishonorable lengths. *The Washington Post* reported last week that FBI investigators of the Democratic headquarters bugging had come upon evidence of a deliberate and elaborate Republican effort to disrupt the Democratic primary campaigns and eliminate George McGovern's competitors for the nomination with hired spies and saboteurs. One of the *Post* allegations was that Ken Clawson, one of the attack group, had faked and personally written a published newspaper letter that contributed to the collapse of Senator Edmund Muskie's try for the nomination. Clawson came to the White House from the *Post*. One of his friends and former colleagues there, Marilyn Berger, said that he told her on September 25, "I wrote the letter." Clawson told his former editors, who didn't seem to believe him, that he had nothing to do with the letter and that Miss Berger must have misunderstood him. Miss Berger said that she didn't misunderstand him: "He said it and I stand by it." Beyond saying after prolonged questioning that Clawson still had the President's confidence, Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler refused to back up Clawson's denial with a White House denial. Ziegler's evident purpose, as it has been throughout the spate of reports and allegations about misused and secret campaign funds, electronic bugging and the like, is to keep the President as far as possible from the accumulating dirt pile. On October 11, Clawson hadn't offered to quit and hadn't been asked to quit. He was going about

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his business in the attack operation with his usual aggressive skill.

The Colson-Clawson operation is remarkable in its visible aspects only for its deadly and thorough persistence. Its principal aim was and is to rob George McGovern of the quality that he has done so much to impair. The quality is (or was) his reputation for courage, decency and credibility. In the guidelines that go out from the attack group to Cabinet members, the Vice President and other high-ranking surrogate speakers for Nixon, and through the reelection committee to lesser spokesmen, the real or manufactured differences between the positions that McGovern took in his primary campaigns and the modified positions that he takes now are ruthlessly emphasized. The object is to depict him as an inconsistent and unstable radical, a waffler, a shrill weakling who by nature and character is compelled to make the kind of mistakes he confessed to making in the 1960 Mundt campaign. The immediate architect of these tactics is Colson. The chief implementer and frequent deviser of them is Clawson. The immediate overseer is Bob Haldeman. The actual and ever-watchful overseer of the entire operation is President Nixon.

The President's part in the operation is never discussed or willingly disclosed at the White House. Three of his directives to the attack group and to the many others involved in the operation are known, however. One of his earliest orders was that, given a choice of tone and manner, the harsh and vengeful note that he himself struck in the 1970 midterm campaign should be avoided in favor of a gentler, low-key approach. Another was that the words "Democratic" and "Democrats" be avoided whenever possible, except in references to Democrats for Nixon. The partisan term was to be shunned with particular care in references to the administration's congressional opposition and to the rivals of Republican candidates for Congress. A third Nixon order, the best example of his intervention in specific situations, was that nobody connected with him or his candidacy for reelection was to say a word about Senator McGovern's decisions first to retain and then to dump his first vice presidential nominee, Senator Thomas Eagleton. The President appears to have perceived at the time, sooner than most of his counselors did, that the Eagleton affair would prove to be the disaster for McGovern that it has turned out to be, the seemingly ineradicable evidence in the public mind that he is indeed the indecisive and unstable changeling that the White House attackers industriously try to make him out to be.

The single permitted departure from this general approach has to do with McGovern's Vietnam and defense positions. On these, he is depicted on the President's orders as a beggar for peace, an advocate of surrender, a wrecker of essential national security. Mr. Nixon lets others say it, implies it himself, but never says it directly of McGovern. The most interesting facet of the 1972 campaign is the way in which the Nixon pose of impersonal detachment has worked for him and against Senator McGovern. It has had, all too often, the effect upon the senator that McGovern hoped and is still trying to have upon Nixon. It is McGovern, not Nixon, who has been driven to the harsh and shrill extremes that have been Nixon trademarks. The ultimate irony is that they are in character for Richard Nixon, out of character for George McGovern.

John Osborne

Republicans on the Phone

"Hello, Mr. Jones"

"Hello Mr. Jones. This is Harry Smith calling from the Republican National Committee in Washington, D. C. Mr. Jeremiah Milbank, the chairman of the Finance Committee, asked me to call you and thank you for your contributions to the party in the past.

"We wondered, with this being a presidential campaign year, if perhaps we might be able to count on your support of the party once again and help reelect the President. [Pause.]

"We'd be happy to send out a contribution card and envelope if that would make it easier for you. I wonder if, perhaps, you could tell me what your gift will be so we can plan ahead here at headquarters?

"We'll send the card right out, and we'd appreciate your sending it right back in. Thank you."

About 60 times in an eight-hour workday, Harry Smith (real person, fictitious name) will read from a script this telephone sales pitch to the Republican faithful. Anyone who has contributed to the GOP in the last four years will have heard from Harry or one of his 20 co-workers at least once before November. Their names have been printed out on cards: name, address, phone number and amounts contributed since 1968. Harry's job is to sell them a share in victory.

Like most of his co-workers, Harry Smith is a student. His place of business is the IBMI building on Wisconsin Avenue in Washington's fashionable Georgetown area. There are no signs on the outside —only the electric eye of a closed circuit TV camera— but the Republican National Committee has taken over the top two floors of the three-story building and filled the offices with leased long-distance telephone lines, computer terminals and computer-typing machines: the weapons of modern political warfare. After all, if it's worked for magazine subscriptions and underwater Florida real estate, why not for candidates? The Democrats do it too. It is the GOP, however, which has not only mastered the art but turned it into a technology. Much has been made of the $10 million con-

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tributed to the GOP by unnamed donors before the full disclosure requirements of the new campaign practices act went into effect in April, but the small and moderate contributor is also responsible for the party's elephantine purse.

Most of his audience is immediately overwhelmed by the voice of the party hierarchy speaking to them all the way from Washington. Harry has never met Milbank ("He spends most of his time in New York, I think"), but Harry on the telephone is like Heifetz on the violin. "Some of the questions they ask – they must think I see Nixon every other day," says Harry. It is the impression he is paid to create.

Unlike the "kids" who have been working for McGovern for carfare and cheese sandwiches, many doing the very thing for McGovern that Harry does for Nixon, Harry is well paid, otherwise he wouldn't do it.

"Look, I'm in it for the money. Where else could I make $3.50 an hour during my summer vacation? I don't really like Nixon all that much, and I don't think most of the other guys here do either. In fact, I'll probably vote for McGovern in November." Harry does his job because it pays better than waiting on tables. But what's to keep him from sloughing off?

"We have quotas. We have to produce $100 an hour in contributions or get fired."

Do many people raise more than the quotas?

"Oh, we have our few *Stakhanovites*, but most of us just get our quota and no more."

What do you do in an average day?

"I'll make about 60 calls that catch people at home. If they've given 20 bucks before, I'll try to get them to pledge 30 or 40. It's a tedious job, but I usually get done with enough time to coast the last hour or so."

Do you get many negative responses?

"Some, but most people are pretty nice and eager to part with their money."

Do any ask embarrassing questions?

"We have an instruction sheet on how to handle 'the $10 million question.' We're supposed to tell them, 'That figure is reasonably correct, but during the '68 presidential campaign both candidates spent over $35 million each and, of course, with this being such a critical campaign year, our efforts must be increased if we are to return the President to the White House.' "

Harry and his fellow phone-raisers get bombarded by memoranda from the committee's greater and lesser hierarchs. One from their immediate superior, Bob Wolfe, reads: "Please do not involve yourself in discussions of campaign issues or personalities. If the contributor wishes to discuss such topics, simply say, 'I understand your position on the subject' and steer the conversation back to the script as quickly as possible. Our primary objective is to raise funds for the committee. We can best fulfill it by following the above suggestion. Also, it has been found to be the most efficient if you allow six rings for contributors under $25 and nine rings for those over that amount."

Helen Smith (no relation to Harry) is paid $3.00 an hour by the Republican National Committee to produce the letters which follow Harry's calls.

"I get the cards after the calls have been made. They're divided into two piles: those who said 'yes' and those who said 'maybe.' We don't send letters to anyone who said 'no.'

"I type the names and addresses and amounts on a computer tape. I put the tape into a machine, insert an envelope, punch a button, and it types an address. Then, I put the tape in another machine. It types the letter; it even mentions the caller by name. There's no way you can tell it's been done by a computer."

The letter looks like it came off a human secretary's typewriter, complete with Jeremiah Milbank's uppercase "JM" over his secretary's lower-case initials in the lower left corner. The first paragraph of a typical letter to those who have pledged money informs the recipient: "Harry Smith, a member of my staff, has just told me of your intention to contribute $25.00 in support of the reelection of President Nixon, and I am happy to extend my personal thanks for your wonderful cooperation and assistance."

For those who replied "maybe," the letter begins: "Thank you for the time you gave Harry Smith, a member of my staff." It goes on to ask them to "join with your fellow Republicans to help provide the vital financial support required by our party as we prepare for the critical elections of 1972." It ends with a plea: "May I ask you to send your contribution to us today?"

"I line up the letter under this pen and push a button, and it signs Mr. Milbank's name. It's a real fountain pen with real ink. If you don't think so, just put some water on the signature and see if it runs."

Does Mr. Milbank ever sign his own name to any of the letters?

"Only on those to people who are giving over $1000," said Helen.

Within 24 hours of the phone conversation the letter personally typed by computer is on its way to those who have pledged – or hedged – their support. The letter contains the detached portion of the computer card Harry used for his call, and Helen has enclosed a postage-paid envelope. Those who give from $100 to $499 become "Republican Campaigners"; donors of $500 to $999 are "Republican Victory Associates"; and those who part with more than a grand are "RN Associates."

California's Jess Unruh assured his place in the annals of politics when he said, "Money is the mother's milk of politics." Because small and moderate contributors are the mainstay of any political party, milking them is the key to success in fund-raising. Unquestionably, the GOP commands the superior technology: a fact which is reflected in the party's bloated bank balance. From that treasury comes the money which buys staff, office space, telephones, television

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time, computers, envelopes, stamps and the hundreds of other items in the politician's tool kit.

It seems like such a small thing, but Harry told me something that shows just how successful the GOP has been. He gave me a sheet of the finance committee's letterhead. "They are throwing away reams of this paper. You know why? It's not of high enough quality," he said.

Peter J. Ognibene

Hoodlum, Priest and Businessman

The conviction and sentencing of the Reverend Philip Berrigan, the antiwar priest, emerges as flagrantly uneven justice. Father Berrigan was convicted of sending one letter and trying to send three more to Sister Elizabeth McAlister. The letters were illegal because he was attempting to operate outside the knowledge of authorities at the federal penitentiary where he is confined. Letters to the nun had to be smuggled because she was not on the priest's list of authorized correspondents. She in turn was convicted of trying to smuggle into prison three packages containing correspondence for him. Father Berrigan was sentenced to four concurrent two-year terms, to run simultaneously with the six years he is already serving for destroying draft board files. Sister McAlister was sentenced to a year and a day in prison and three years' probation.

There is no question of guilt. Not even the defendants deny their acts. Whether the Justice Department engaged in discriminatory prosecution because of the defendants' opposition to the Vietnam war and their dedication to civil disobedience, as the defense claims, is for the courts to decide. As are the questions, also raised by the defense, of entrapment and the constitutionality of the law under which the prosecution was initiated—the so-called Contraband Statute. But the fact is that the Berrigan case is the only instance of passing unauthorized correspondence in or out of prison that the administration has prosecuted.

For disturbing contrast, consider the Justice Department's handling of Harold (Kayo) Konigsberg. This former Mob-enforcer-turned-FBI informant was, until 17 months ago, an inmate at the Medical Center for Federal Prisoners in Springfield, Missouri, where he broke or bent every law and regulation that got in his way. He was reported, but never disciplined, for attempted assault, possessing contraband money and drugs, supplying other inmates with money, fighting, stealing, conspiring to commit perjury, for attempting to bribe one correctional officer and threatening to kill another (Konigsberg is an admitted killer).

Konigsberg, like Father Berrigan, smuggled at least one letter out of prison and attempted to send another to a person not on his list of authorized correspondents. He was allowed to exchange voluminous uninspected material with his visitors.

All his violations of the law while a prisoner eventually came to the attention of the Justice Department. Unlike Father Berrigan, he was neither disciplined nor prosecuted. Instead he was released last year to the State of New York to serve a sentence there. In order to make this solution of the Konigsberg problem possible, the Justice Department—*in direct violation of the law*—took 1200 days for *good behavior* off his 10-year federal sentence. When the chief counsel of the US Bureau of Prisons was asked if all this boiled down to the fact that the federal authorities just wanted to get rid of Konigsberg, he replied, "I wouldn't be surprised."

Whatever distinction the Justice Department makes between Father Berrigan and Kayo Konigsberg cannot possibly justify the discrepancies apparent here. To prosecute the priest at all is arguable. To prosecute the priest and not the gangster is dreadfully wrong.

The administration has another Berrigan-like case on its hands in California. This time the prisoner in question is John Alessio, a wealthy and influential San Diego entrepreneur. Alessio's closest business associate is C. Arnholt Smith, the most powerful citizen of San Diego and an intimate of President Nixon. Alessio himself contributed at least $26,000 to the 1968 Nixon campaign and helped to raise thousands more. Several years ago Alessio became the target of one of the largest tax evasion investigations on record. Last year he and his brother Angelo finally pleaded guilty and were sent to a federal facility at Lompoc, Calif.

Like Konigsberg at Springfield, the Alessios had things much their own way at Lompoc. Fine food, liquor and women were enjoyed by them behind bars. But the Alessios went Konigsberg one better. They made regular unauthorized trips away from the institution, often staying overnight.

Meanwhile the prison officials who made all this possible were being entertained royally and treated favorably in business deals by members of the Alessio family not in prison. Angelo managed to supply some of the officers with women.

More to the point is the manner in which John Alessio communicated from prison with his longtime mistress, who was not one of his authorized correspondents. She mailed letters from Los Angeles to a Lompoc motel that Alessio often used during his trips away from the prison. The letters were passed on to Alessio either by the motel owner, who seemed to have free run of the prison, or by the motel's head housekeeper, who was married to one of the inmates and thus could make authorized visits to the institution. Alessio passed letters out to his mistress by the same route. Angelo became attracted to the daughter of a fellow inmate in the course of visits she made to

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her father, and smuggled several letters to her.

Earlier this year the story of how the Alessio family had corrupted the prison at Lompoc was presented in detail to a federal grand jury in Los Angeles. In the specific instance of illegal correspondence, some of the actual letters were put in the hands of the grand jury. Both John Alessio's mistress and the inmate's daughter have testified to their role in the smuggling.

What has been done? Three prison officials have been fired. No other action has been taken. If that is all that is going to happen after the dogged pursuit of Father Berrigan and Sister McAlister, it will stand as one of the better illustrations of the Mitchell-Kleindienst brand of selective justice. Obviously, the mail violations of the Alessios (as with Kayo Konigsberg) are among the less grievous of their offenses. They are worth remembering, though, because they are comparable in every way to the charges that the government finally made stick against Father Berrigan and Sister McAlister—and in some ways they are worse.

Denny Walsh

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Aid to Parochial Schools

The Case for Tax Credits

by Nathan Lewin

In his observations on "Aid To Parochial Schools" (*TNR*, October 7, 1972) Adam Walinsky is like the doctor who brilliantly diagnoses pneumonia and then casually prescribes aspirin. A telling political and moral case can be made for public assistance to the parochial schools which, as Walinsky notes, preserves the religious and cultural heritage of ethnic minorities in our cities. When both an incumbent President and his opponent—whose civil libertarian credentials have never been seriously questioned—publicly endorse the principle of aiding such schools to the extent the Constitution permits, it surely seems to be an idea whose time has come. Yet, strangely enough, Mr. Walinsky urges that the most meaningful and constitutionally hopeful proposal be discarded in favor of a silly scheme that—to paraphrase his metaphor—would not so much as relieve a carbuncle on a cancer victim.

Representative Wilbur Mills' Ways and Means Committee has now reported out a slightly modified version of the proposal which both President Nixon and Senator McGovern favor. It gives parents within certain tax brackets an income tax credit for half of the tuition paid to any private elementary or secondary school up to a maximum of $200 per child. The obvious effect of the credit is to make tuition-paying parents of every parochial school child richer by $200 per child on April 15—added wealth that the school may capture if it increases tuition or otherwise persuades the parents to pay all or part of the $200 to the school. Short of making a direct payment of $200 out of the federal treasury to all qualifying private schools for every child enrolled, this plan is the most direct and the least administratively burdensome way of meeting the need. Remember—the need, as Mr. Walinsky demonstrates, is to give substantial financial assistance to the schools.

Why reject this route? Mr. Walinsky gives four reasons, none of which stands up. First he says that the tax credit proposal is of dubious constitutionality. All constitutional lawyers know that *any* proposal for aid to private schools is constitutionally uncertain; no one can know on which side of the line any particular plan will fall until a majority of the Supreme Court evaluates it and speaks. Knowledgeable choices can only reduce the risks, not eliminate them. Until October 10 there was some hope among advocates of public aid to parochial schools that a tuition-grant system under which payments would be made to the parents, rather than to schools, would be viewed as constitutional. By an 8-to-1 vote, the Supreme Court decided that the argument did not deserve a full Court hearing, and upheld summarily a lower court ruling that an Ohio law providing such benefits was invalid.

A tax credit differs from a tuition grant, and there is reason to believe that it may withstand constitutional attack. It is interesting that all the Supreme Court's religion decisions over the past three years have been

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written by Chief Justice Burger. It is the one substantive area of the law in which he has, thus far, left the most lasting imprint. And the keystone of nearly all his First Amendment decisions has been his caution against government "entanglement" with religion. In a case testing the constitutionality of the property tax exemption for churches, Chief Justice Burger sustained the exemption largely because he concluded that while the exemption gave churches an "indirect economic benefit" it gave rise to *less* government "involvement with religion" *(i.e.,* by way of tax valuation, tax liens and tax foreclosures) than if churches were taxed. And the ground on which teacher salary supplements in Pennsylvania and purchase-of-services in Rhode Island were held unconstitutional in June 1971 was that the "comprehensive, discriminating and continuing state surveillance" over religious institutions required under these plans "entangled" government officials too deeply in the administrations of the religious schools.

The pending tax credit proposal avoids this constitutional failing. It grants tax credits for tuition paid to any private school which qualifies as a charity under the existing law granting tax-exempt status and accreditation for charitable contribution deductions. That means that if the law is enacted, the federal government will be no more "entangled" in parochial schools than it is today—when it must pass on applications from the schools for tax-exempt status under Section 501(c) of the present Internal Revenue Code.

But, says Mr. Walinsky (and other opponents of the plan), "there is no functional difference between giving a parent a tax credit for the tuition he pays, and a direct payment by the federal government for tuition to the school." He overlooks the fact that the same argument may be made against *his* tax credit proposal, under which a $25 tax credit is given for any contribution to a parochial school or any other charity. How is *that* credit functionally different from a "direct payment by the federal government" to the recipient of the charity? Is the federal government more constitutionally entitled to give its money to a church school in lieu of a contribution than in lieu of tuition?

Moreover, there are differences—real and functional—between a direct grant to the school and a tuition credit to the parent. One goes straight to the school; the other comes to it only if the parent agrees to hand it over. One comes at the beginning of or during the school year; the other is granted only *after* the tuition has been paid to the school.

Finally, constitutional lines in this area often turn on form. Charitable contributions to churches and synagogues are tax deductible, even though direct Treasury grants would plainly violate the Constitution. And the Supreme Court recognized in the property tax exemption case that churches are given substantial financial benefits by exemptions that they could not get directly. The courts have, in other words, sanctioned use of the tax laws to funnel benefits which could not be granted by outright subsidies.

So much for the "constitutional doubts." In fact, the tax credit proposal is, in the view of many (including this observer) the best constitutional hope. It happens to be the only really helpful proposal that has won judicial approval, with a Minnesota trial judge ruling it constitutional in July of this year.

Mr. Walinsky's second objection is that the outstanding tax credit proposal gives too great a tax break to the parents of private school children. The argument is obviously illusory. The advocates of the bill plainly anticipate that some, if not all, of the "tax break" will go directly to the school in the form of increased tuition. Consequently, the parents he hypothesizes—who will be able to deduct $400 from their $800 tax bill or $800 from a $1500 tax bill—will be paying all or much of that $400 or $800 in added parochial school tuition. This is hardly an "enormous" windfall to these lucky taxpayers. In addition, the House committee has made the credit less regressive by providing that it is to be "phased out" by one dollar for every $20 of taxable income above $18,000. So a taxpayer with one child can benefit only if he has less than $22,000 in taxable income, and one with two children only if he makes less than $26,000.

The third argument made by Mr. Walinsky is that the tax credit proposal will encourage the creation of new private schools to avoid desegregation orders in states such as Alabama, Mississippi and Arkansas. Not a chance. As has been noted earlier, the bill authorizes tax credits only for tuition payments to schools which qualify under Sections 150 and 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code for tax-exempt and charitable-deduction status. Under decisions of a three-judge federal court issued in 1970 and this year (*Green* v. *Kennedy*, 309 F.Supp. 1127, and *Green* v. *Connally*, 330 F.Supp. 1150) and subsequent Internal Revenue Service regulations new private schools in Southern states cannot be given this status if they are established to avoid desegregation. And, in fact, IRS has turned down several such institutions since the court decisions and the issuance of its regulations.

Mr. Walinsky's final argument—stated time and again as if to find support in repetition—is that the present tax credit bill "simply cannot pass." Wrong again. What other legislation has the support of *both* presidential candidates? In fact, local legislation assisting private schools has been adopted in more than seven states, and there are 12 states in which the Catholic parochial school population is 15 percent or more of the total enrollment in elementary and secondary schools. The broad coalition which is lobbying for the tax credit bill has found substantial support in the congressional delegations of almost every state of the Union. The fear of "anti-Catholic prejudice" and its effect on national issues was, one thought, exploded

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with the 1960 election. Is it now to be used to abort a fair test of a legislative proposal supported by the leaders of both major parties?

Anyway, history demonstrates the error of Mr. Walinsky's assumption. Both the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965 and the Higher Education Act of 1965 authorize grants and loans from the federal treasury for religiously affiliated schools, among other private institutions. It would have been a simple measure—and clearly constitutional—for the Congresses which enacted those laws to deny their benefits to religiously affiliated institutions. Yet, even with a minority of the states representing a preponderance of the Catholic school population, the Senate recognized in 1965 that Catholic schoolchildren were entitled to the benefits of federal loans and grants. Why attribute to the Senate more parochialism today than in 1965?

Now to Mr. Walinsky's "alternate plan"—developed, he says, by a group of New York laymen and lawyers. Too bad there wasn't a first-year economics student among them, because he would have demonstrated that the plan is of no use whatever to the parochial schools and is not likely to bring them a penny. The "alternate plan" is simply to permit every taxpayer to convert the first $25 of currently available charitable deductions to a tax credit, thereby giving him a dollar-for-dollar return for a $25 contribution to a parochial school. Mr. Walinsky prophesies that such a plan would encourage donations from sources other than parents and would result in successful general fund-raising drives.

What Mr. Walinsky and his New York group overlook is that virtually every taxpayer in the United States—including even those on the poverty level who pay no taxes—probably already contributes at least $25 a year to assorted charities ranging from the collection plate at church to Red Cross charity boxes to door-to-door Cancer Society and Girl Scout collectors. If his plan were enacted, it would provide no incentive whatever to add contributions to parochial schools *since only the first $25 could be taken as a credit.* Only those who do not today give $25 a year to charity would be potential benefactors under his plan, and one suspects that anyone in that class is not likely to give a nickel to anything—even if he is promised that he'll get it back next April 15.

The "additional advantages" lined up behind the illusory promise of pot-of-gold fund-raising drives are equally empty. Constitutionally, as we have noted, a tax credit is a tax credit is a tax credit. If the tuition-credit plan is unconstitutional because it is the "functional equivalent" of a grant to a church, the contribution-credit plan is equally so. And the added suggestion that it achieves some form of tax equity because it enables those who use the standard deduction to get some tax benefit for their charitable contributions applies to *every* deduction which is now permissible. Shouldn't the same break be given to homeowners for the interest on their mortgage or to those who have been ill for their medical expenses?

Somehow, Mr. Walinsky believes, this kind of plan is less likely to stimulate the establishment of schools to avoid desegregation. If IRS applies its regulations—and if the courts remain watchful—neither proposal should have that effect. But in any event, if the $25 contribution-credit were really to work, there is no reason to believe it would be less capable of funding segregated schools than the $200 tuition-credit. Support for school segregation in the South comes not only from parents, and one can imagine racist groups kicking off $25-per-capita fund drives among "alumni, grandparents and uncles" to create and maintain segregated schools.

The problem of the inner-city parochial schools is a real one, but the Walinsky plan does nothing to resolve it. More meaningful would be a "refundable" $200 credit—*i.e.*, one that would be paid in cash to the parent who owes no tax. This was, at one time, part of the bill now being considered in Congress, and the administration representatives supported it. But the strict constitutionalists—afraid that anything that looks like a subsidy will encounter rough treatment in the courts—had it dropped. If that provision were restored, the inner-city parents would have $200 to give to the private school of their choice—thereby helping those who need it most.

Mr. Walinsky replies:

Nathan Lewin's comments illustrate the greatest danger of plans to aid parochial schools: which is that emotional issues, tangled in complicated discussion, can generate far more heat than light. I fully share with him the belief that some form of aid to parochial schools is necessary. The problem is that the direct tuition-credit plan that he supports may be entirely the wrong way to go about producing it. To take his points *seriatim:*

First, the greatest difference between a large tax credit to parents for tuition paid, and a smaller tax credit to everyone who wants to make a charitable gift, is just that: one is available only to a few, the other to everyone. I take it there is a major constitutional distinction between a tax credit that discriminates against taxpayers who send their children to public school, and one that merely *refuses* to discriminate against parochial schools in the course of granting a charitable credit to everyone.

Next Mr. Lewin argues that the tax credit is in effect "illusory," since the parents who receive it will be passing the money on to the parochial schools. This is a little bit like saying that an executive's tax-deductible lunches are not tax windfalls because the money,

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after all, is passed on to the restaurant where he eats. The plain fact is that the executive gets something different in quality from others, and gets it at the cost of the federal treasury and other taxpayers. So would parents of parochial school children under the plan Mr. Lewin favors. The alternate plan has the advantage that everyone gets an equal tax break, to be applied to the charitable or public activity of one's choice.

In the face of its manifest tax inequity, Mr. Lewin asserts that his plan can pass the Congress. His evidence is that local parochial aid legislation has been passed in seven states. That was exactly my point: anything that can't pass the legislatures of more than seven states is highly unlikely to pass a Senate composed of equal numbers of senators from each of 50 states. (It might conceivably pass under one condition: the elimination of any safeguards against credit for payments to segregated private schools. That might indeed buy some Southern support, but at a totally unacceptable price.) As to whether significant anti-Catholic feelings remain after the 1960 election, at least as they affect prospects for parochial school aid, I remind Mr. Lewin that John Kennedy undoubtedly lost many states because of his Catholicism, and would probably have lost many more had he not taken a firm stand against any form of aid to parochial schools whatever. That was what the famous Houston ministers' meeting was all about.

I pass lightly over his assertion that the uniform $25 charitable credit will not stimulate the necessary giving; the fact is that the great majority of Americans do not now give anything like that sum to charity, but that giving people a choice between paying $25 each to the government, or to the charitable activity of their choice, would probably multiply the number of givers and the total amount given. At any rate, surely it makes more sense to try the moderate plan for efficacy before the more drastic tuition-grant program is enacted.

But most fundamental of all, I believe, is that Mr. Lewin entirely fails to answer the question of the inner-city parochial schools, so many of whose black and Puerto Rican and poor white parents would get no benefit from his plan whatever. Since his work has been primarily with the Jewish day schools rather than with the vastly more numerous Catholic schools, Mr. Lewin should be forgiven for failing to grasp that the general charitable tax credit I favor would vastly enhance the fund-raising capabilities of the diocesan authorities, rather than those of the individual parochial schools. Thus, it would allow the church to continue and increase the diocesan aid, which is now the major support of the inner-city parochial schools. No plan based on tuition payments can ever help these schools one-tenth so much as it would assist the well-to-do private schools of the city or suburbs. (The tuition-grant plan whose dropping he laments was held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court last week.)

One can understand, in the heady air of a campaign where the blue-collar urban Catholic has been identified as the critical swing voter, and both candidates vie for his favor, that proponents of parochial school aid might want to reach for their maximum goals. But the lesson of the year, perhaps of the decade, is that we may all be better off learning to reach for goals that our fellow citizens can also live with.

Fair Shares

By Peter Barnes

Legislators cannot invent too many devices for subdividing property.

Thomas Jefferson

Sometimes, late at night, I think of the American economy as an immensely complicated electronic switchboard, with wires running every which way. At the bottom of the switchboard are two terminals for each American, one for receiving electrical impulses (*i.e.*, income), the other for emitting impulses (*i.e.*, expenditures). When current races through the switchboard, the economy is in full swing; the higher the voltage, the higher the GNP.

Now, not all the terminals are equal. The vast majority of us are connected to single copper strands, but a small minority are attached to thick coaxial cables;

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those who own the most wealth have the thickest coaxial cables. The wires within their income cables fan out in all directions, hooking up with numerous black boxes (corporations, banks) which in turn are tied into millions of individual expenditure terminals.

A number of insights can be drawn from this cybernetic imagery. First, the beauty of wealth is that it sucks money through your input cable from all over the place. Say you own a share of GM stock. Every time an American, anywhere on the switchboard, purchases a GM product, a tiny electrical impulse will find its way through the wires and black boxes and emerge at your income terminal. The more wealth you own, the more impulses will arrive at your income terminal from more places.

Another observation that can be made, based upon statistical studies of wealth distribution, is that though the arrangement of wires within the switchboard can occasionally shift around, the distribution tends to remain remarkably rigid. So that even though there may be upsurges and downsurges of voltage, the great bulk of energy within the system flows along the same circuits to the same terminals in roughly the same proportion.

The trouble with most economic policymaking in recent years is that it has concentrated too much on increasing the voltage of the American economy, and not enough on distributing the energy. This concern for high and steady voltage has not been for naught; it has guided us to an economy that provides jobs, physical comfort and some opportunity for upward mobility to millions. But it is a strange and unsatisfactory kind of affluence that it has given us. While a small minority siphons off more money than it knows what to do with, a fifth of the population remains perennially poor, and millions more teeter on the edge of poverty. Ever-increasing production has not, by itself, corrected this and is unlikely to do so in the future; it is more likely to choke us to death on junk and waste. Instead of the old Kennedy exhortation—we can *do* better—we need a new motivational prod: can't we *share* better?

There is a lot to be shared. The total, personally owned wealth in the United States is about $4 trillion. That amounts to around $20,000 for every man, woman and child, or about $70,000 for the average family. Yet only about one family in 25 owns that much.

On top of this personally owned wealth base, the economy poured out $800 billion in personal income in 1970. That works out to approximately $14,000 per family, but three out of four families got less.

Various improvements have been tried. Billions of dollars have been spent on education, at least partially in the belief that education would narrow the gap between rich and poor. Billions more have been spent on housing, health, anti-poverty and welfare programs, to compensate for, if not correct, the private economy's distributive failings. There is a nominally progressive income tax, and even a mild inheritance tax. Yet about the only things that have measurably lessened economic inequality during this century were the Depression and World War II, neither of which commends itself as an experience worth repeating.

What's the matter? On the one hand, ownership of wealth is rewarded more generously by the economy (remember that switchboard) than is labor. This would not in itself be a bad thing were it not for the other half of the problem: ownership of productive wealth is highly concentrated in the hands of a few, and seems inclined to stay that way. This analysis of the problem points to three types of nonsocialist remedies: either reward labor as generously or more generously than wealth, figure out a new basis for rewarding people who don't own wealth, or distribute wealth itself more equitably. A socialist alternative, which is beyond the scope of this article, would abolish private ownership of the means of production, substitute state ownership and distribute income on the basis of labor and/or need.

Let's look at the three nonsocialist remedies. The first approach, increasing the rewards for labor, suggests several possibilities, including collective bargaining for higher wages. This is essentially the path that the trade union movement has chosen, and it has achieved some gains. The share of national income that went to labor in 1970 (75 percent) was considerably higher than its share in 1929 (59 percent). This increase has something to do with the mushrooming number of government jobs, as well as with greater union bargaining strength, but there can be no doubt that the relative position of unionized labor has markedly improved since the 1930s. But it leaves out millions of workers who are not in unionized industries, and whom the unions seem either unwilling or unable to organize. There is also the problem of the corporations' power, especially in monopolistic industries, to shift the burden of higher wages back to consumers (that is to say, workers) in the form of higher prices. This creates the kind of inflationary treadmill we have had in recent years, and makes larger paychecks to labor illusory.

Attempts to increase the rewards of labor through minimum wage laws have run into similar problems. Such laws, while useful, don't seem to help those on the bottom and they can't overcome the power of wealth to make labor pay for its gains in different guise. Massive public service employment, at wage levels designed to drive up the wage structure of private industry, would be more helpful, but would still not significantly increase labor's reward relative to wealth's.

Conceivably the tax code could be a vehicle for equalizing the rewards of labor and ownership, but at present the tax laws aggravate the inequities created

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by the private economy. Income earned from labor is stiffly taxed by the federal government; unearned income from wealth enjoys a vast array of preferences and loopholes. Comprehensive tax reform could remedy this by providing what tax economists call horizontal equity—equal taxation of all income, regardless of source—as well as vertical progressivity. In addition, the states and federal government could impose an annual tax on wealth itself, similar to the tax on real property, but progressive rather than flat rate. Several Western European countries, notably Sweden, impose a wealth tax, and a number of American states tax intangible property (stocks, bonds, bank deposits, etc.), albeit very lightly. A federal wealth tax might require a constitutional amendment.

The second broad approach to income sharing—devising new techniques for rewarding people who don't own wealth—builds upon the notion that workers and consumers are entitled to a share of the unearned income that currently accrues to wealthowners alone. Corporations might be required to share profits with consumers—for example, each purchaser of a GM automobile might receive a rebate at the end of the year, much as cooperatives give rebates to their members. Or the same principle could be applied to workers, as many corporations have already done to top executives (*i.e.*, those big bonuses vice presidents receive when the company has a good year, and sometimes when it has a bad year). In a limited way this process has begun in the form of profit-sharing plans, which cover some eight million Americans, but the share of profits allocated to workers under such plans is generally only one-sixth the share allocated to wealthowners.

As a practical matter, it might be simpler to redistribute unearned income through the federal treasury, rather than through a multitude of corporate treasuries. This would require a tax system that, at one end, effectively tapped unearned income and large accumulations of wealth, and at the other end paid out, *e.g.*, through negative taxes, appropriate amounts. This is, in principle, what George McGovern once proposed in milder form and is not too far from what conservatives such as Milton Friedman have suggested. The basis for receipt of income under this sort of negative income tax plan would not be wealth ownership, or even labor, but citizenship and need. In this sense such plans—and even Richard Nixon's modest Family Assistance Plan—represent a departure from traditional capitalist principles of distribution. In another sense, they scarcely tamper with the private economy at all. They accept the existing concentration of wealth (and, concomitantly, of power), leave the economy pretty much as is, and let the great GNP machine do its thing. Then, at the end, they skim some cream off the top and pass it around to more people.

The third approach to economic sharing is, in concept, simplicity itself. Since wealth is inherently more income-producing than labor, and since every American's dream is to own wealth, why not distribute wealth? Exponents of this approach come from all corners of the political ring. Among them are Louis Kelso, a San Francisco attorney and financial consultant, who is either very radical or very conservative or both; John McClaughry, a former White House aide under President Nixon and unsuccessful Republican primary candidate for lieutenant governor of Vermont; and Robert Browne, director of the Black Economic Research Center—all of whom deserve more attention than they have received.

Kelso's proposal can be briefly explained. During the next 20-odd years, the GNP of the United States will double. This "second economy" can be built atop the same narrow ownership base as the present economy, or it can be built upon a broadly democratic base of new wealthowners. If the economy is left to its own devices, the former will occur. If, however, anybody and everybody is enabled to acquire stock in the second economy, then within a couple of decades a genuine "people's capitalism" will emerge. There will still be corporate profits, unearned increments and capital gains, just as now, but they will be reaped by the many rather than the few.

The means by which the new wealthowners will acquire their stock is the same means by which they now acquire cars and color TVs: credit. The difference is that stock, unlike color TV, is self-financing—it produces income which can be used to pay back the loan. The role of the federal government in all this will be to help establish the credit mechanisms, induce existing corporations to issue new equity, and then sit back and let the economy roar. The government of Puerto Rico is starting to do this on a smaller scale.

In contrast to negative income tax plans, Kelso's proposal requires no alteration of the capitalist distributive maxim, "to each according to his ownership and labor," which is probably more deeply ingrained in America than "to each according to his need" could ever be. It would, however, add millions of wires to the economic switchboard and offer possibilities for worker control through majority stock ownership (although the latter is not one of Kelso's objectives).

Future wealth ownership could also be dispersed through a proliferation of cooperatives and commu-

COMING: George Kahin discusses the outlook for a settlement with North Vietnam

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nity-owned development corporations, assisted by federal financing and tax preferences. Just as important as dispersing future ownership is breaking up existing concentrations of wealth through steeply progressive and escape-proof wealth and inheritance taxes. In addition, we could recognize that we are no longer a nation of pioneers and establish a reasonable limit on the amount of wealth that any individual can appropriate from society within his lifetime. Such a ceiling would accord with Andrew Carnegie's belief that persons of wealth should live unostentatiously, provide moderately for their dependents and return all surplus revenues to the community through philanthropy, except that in this case the philanthropy would be involuntary.

Needless to say, very few of those who are privileged in America view their surplus revenue as belonging to the community from whence it came. There is, and always will be, intense opposition to any and all proposals to share wealth and income more equitably. As weapons in the war against equality, the privileged wheel out a panoply of public-spirited arguments, the most respectable of which is that "incentives" must not be impaired. According to this line of reasoning, both the poor and the rich would be less inclined to serve society if affluence were better shared. In the case of the poor, it is poverty that makes them perform unpleasant work. As for the rich, it is fat dividends, stock options and capital gains that induce them to take risks, invest, accumulate more wealth, and otherwise advance the public interest. At this point the incentives argument merges with the "dead goose" corollary: improving the distribution of goods will undermine the production of goods, *i.e.*, kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

There is some truth to the incentive argument under present conditions, but we ought to examine the argument itself, and the possibilities for changing present conditions, a bit more closely. People *are* motivated to perform distasteful tasks by their need to eat, but paying more for the most unpleasant jobs and reducing the hours allotted to them seems a better way to go about things than preserving poverty as an incentive. At the other end of the economic scale, the notion that vast rewards are needed to lure capital owners and managers into beneficial behavior is open to debate. It is quite possible that the reverse is true—that socially desired behavior can be better attained by raising taxes or reducing profit margins, so that those who enjoy accumulating riches will have to strive even harder for their accustomed rewards. A wider distribution of wealth itself would not, in any case, mean lower profit margins.

The "dead goose" corollary is equally open to question. It is more likely that its converse is true, that improving distribution will increase production by putting more purchasing power into the economy. At the least, it is highly improbable that better distribution and continued growth are as mutually exclusive as the "dead goose" theorists proclaim.

The real problem is not to win arguments but to effect change, and at this point the obstacles seem well nigh insuperable. The foremost obstacle, as Senator Fred Harris of Oklahoma has observed, is that a symbiosis has developed between big wealthowners and politicians that is even more insidious than the spoils system of the 19th century. In the old days, the *quid pro quo* for someone who worked for a successful candidate was a job on the government payroll. That, at least, was a system that rewarded labor. Nowadays the system works almost entirely on behalf of wealth. Owners of wealth contribute to political campaigns—oftentimes to opposing candidates—and receive in return subsidies, tax breaks and protection against reform. Since the economic system, by itself, will not distribute wealth more equitably, a political shove is needed; but since political power is so intimately an outgrowth of economic power, the vicious circle is seemingly unbreakable. Perhaps this is what Marxists have in mind when they insist that equitable distribution is impossible as long as the means of production are privately owned.

Yet it is too early to give up hope. Campaign financing reform could, conceivably, weaken the spoils system of wealth, as civil service reform put an end to the spoils system of labor. Movements to distribute wealth have achieved some modest victories in the past, and can provide some inspiration for the future: the Homestead Act of 1862, coming after half a century of agitation, was a wealth distribution measure, as were the 16th Amendment, authorizing a federal income tax, and the wartime excess profits taxes. And it is worth considering that, four years from now, the American republic will celebrate its 200th year of independence, not just from George III, but from the feudal system of inherited privilege. It might be well to ponder at that time whether we have not, during those two centuries of independence, created a new kind of feudalism. Do we have an aristocracy of wealth—and a permanent underclass of poverty? Must the distribution of wealth be accepted as an unalterable given? Can it not be put to a political test? These are questions that ought to be debated between now and 1976.

The way in which a society shares the fruits of its land and resources is the most fundamental of all determinations that it must make, and especially is this so in a democracy. Perhaps some day Americans will recognize what we have become—an interdependent and extraordinarily productive society marred by rigid and needless inequality—and agree on what we *can* become—a democracy that produces and shares what it produces.

This is the last of three articles on the distribution of wealth in America.

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FALL BOOK NUMBER

Federal Writers' Project

The Dream and the Deal

by Jerre Mangione

(Little, Brown; $12.50)

Now that the Federal Writers' Project has been dead for 30 years, with no chance whatsoever of being resurrected, Jerre Mangione has told its story from birth to burial. He has consulted the available sources of information, and happily these include his own memories of the project, by which he was employed for two years, 1937-1939, as a sort of literary agent for the American Guide Series. But also he has dug into the archives, he has interviewed other veterans of the project, including all the former state directors he could reach, he has collected anecdotes, some of them hilarious, and he has produced a book, *The Dream and the Deal*, that will be useful for a long time. It is the best record we are likely to have of a rowdy, idealistic, sometimes farcical experiment that failed, yet succeeded too, mostly in unexpected ways, and that refuses to be forgotten.

A defect of the book, though not a fatal one, is that Mangione hesitates to pronounce forthright opinions. He never gets angry when recounting the follies of the project or the malice of its enemies. Instead he adduces evidence in a scholar's fashion and quotes at length what other people have said. There are conclusions to be drawn from the story he tells and Mangione, though he suggests them all, does not lay enough stress on them. Here, for whatever they may be worth to a new age, I should like to state a few of the conclusions as bluntly as possible.

1. *The project was weakened from the start by its conflicting aims.* For Harry Hopkins, the head of WPA, the four arts projects under his jurisdiction were there to provide work relief for unemployed writers, artists, actors and musicians. "Hell, they have to eat like other people," he said. Whether they had any competence in their respective arts was a minor question for Hopkins so long as the artists were needy. It was a vital question, though, for Henry G. Alsberg, the first director of the Writers' Project. He dreamed that the project would be a vast collaborative effort to gather material about American life and to create in words a mirror for the nation. The effort would lead to books, and these would have to be put into shape by competent writers and editors.

Thus, competence and need were the two standards that conflicted when the first workers were hired by the project in 1935. They conflicted again in 1937 and 1939, when Congress reduced appropriations and thousands of the workers had to be fired. Who should go first: the needy but only half-literate head of a household or the bright young man who wrote interesting copy? Often Alsberg and his state directors tried to keep the bright young man—how else could the books be produced?—but more often he was hired away from them by private business or another government agency. The general level of competence had risen for a time, but then it began falling—except on the editorial staff in Washington—and after Pearl Harbor it declined sharply. By that time Alsberg and his dream had vanished from Washington, and the Writers' Projects themselves—in the plural now because they had been taken over by the states—were soon to be

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terminated.

2. *The project was organized, or disorganized, partly in the image of its first director.* Dear Henry Alsberg! Although I never saw him there, I somehow picture him at the old Café Royale on Second Avenue, among the intellectuals who gathered for endless confabulations. They were idealists to a man, broadly read in two or more languages, impractical except in essential matters such as saving out a nickel to ride home in the subway, and of course they talked brilliantly about books and plays they would never get around to writing. Alsberg had all their virtues besides a few of his own, and he also had some of their amiable vices. He was probably not the world's worst administrator, but he might have won an Olympic bronze medal for inspired fumbling.

He was in his middle 50s when he was invited to create and supervise a work-relief project for writers. Earlier he had been a philosophic anarchist, a newspaperman, a relief worker and correspondent in Russia after the revolution (but no friend of the Soviets), and a director of the Provincetown Playhouse. Nobody without his breadth of vision or with less than his gift for communicating enthusiasm to others could have gotten the Federal Writers' Project underway. Nobody, in the four years that followed, could have shown less interest in tables of organization or in the proper delegation of authority. His lines of command were as tangled as a boy's first fishing line. I suspect that Alsberg enjoyed the general confusion; it was a medium in which he could deal with people as he was used to doing, one to one. If the people were politicians, he tried to get round them instead of fighting for his aims. Meanwhile he showed a fatherly interest in young literary firebrands, he was tolerant of alcoholic poets, and he was everlastingly amused by Greenwich Village eccentrics. Like Alsberg himself, the project was to be talkative, high in its aspirations and individualistic to the point of anarchy.

3. *Workers on the project were the oddest group assembled in all the annals of American literature.* Many thousands of professional and semiprofessional writers were unable to earn a living in 1935. One might think that it would have been an easy matter to fill the 6500 places allotted to the project. Alsberg and his state directors were hampered, though, by two provisions of the WPA regulations. First, it was ruled that everyone hired—except for a limited number of editors and supervisors—had to be taken from state or city relief rolls. Many able but destitute writers had refused to go on relief, being too proud for that, while many unqualified persons on relief now pretended to be writers in order to get a soft job. "As far as the local politicians were concerned," said a New York State supervisor, "the Writers' Project was where you dumped the bastard you didn't know what to do with." Some of the most gifted young writers in the country worked for the project at one time or another, but it also served as a shelter for unemployed copy boys who claimed to have been reporters, old men who had lost their buttons, middle-aged women about to go off their rockers, and male and female alcoholics of all ages, not to mention two or three habitual check forgers, who asserted with some truth that writing was their profession. Hell, they had to eat like other people.

Alsberg tried to get rid of the frauds and utter incompetents, so far as he could find it in his heart to fire them, and he tried to replace them with persons able to write an English sentence. This time he was hampered by the practical effects of another regulation that WPA had imposed on him. Everybody knew that most of the unemployed writers were in New York City, with smaller numbers in Boston, Chicago and San Francisco. To win support in Congress, WPA ignored that distribution and ruled that a separate writers' project would have to be established in each of the 48 states, with a state resident as director. The ruling applied even to Wyoming and the two Dakotas, where nobody wrote except for the local papers. In Idaho there was exactly one writer, the novelist Vardis Fisher. He was named state director and somehow managed to assemble a staff of 15, but he had to write the Idaho State Guide himself, with the help of one secretary and one researcher. It was incidentally the first state guide to be published and was not one of the worst. Fisher went on to write three other books about Idaho for the project, but the manuscripts of these were permanently mislaid in the Washington office.

Another result of organizing the project by states was that the senior senator or the Democratic state chairman often claimed the privilege of "recommending" the state director, much in the fashion that kings of France recommended bishops to the pope. Sometimes the director named at their suggestion was wildly incompetent, as happened twice in Missouri, or even a paranoid case, as in Nebraska. The Nebraska lady was said to be the former mistress of a powerful newspaper publisher, who in turn was a friend of Senator Norris. "As long as Nebraska has a writers' project," Norris was reported to have said, "Miss Sheehan will have her desk." Alsberg, after an unfortunate experience in Oklahoma, had learned never to defy a senator, but he had also learned that necessary things could be done in an indirect fashion. Miss Sheehan, her desk and her secretary were moved to her home. There she continued to draw her salary until the Nebraska project, which soon became one of the best, was terminated in 1942.

The Chicago project was possibly the best of all, and it functioned without much interference from Big Bill Thompson's machine. The director, John T. Frederick, was a university professor with a gift for detecting literary promise. Among the writers he recruited were Saul Bellow, Nelson Algren, Studs Terkel and a little galaxy of highly talented Negroes: Richard Wright, Arna Bontemps, Katherine Dunham (a sociologist before she became a choreographer), Willard Motley and Frank S. Yerby. "You intellectuals can go ahead and write your highbrow stuff," Yerby told his colleagues. "I'm going to make a million." Later, with his utterly cynical novels about the Southern gentry, he became the first black writer to make that million. Wright transferred himself after a year to the New York office of the project, where he wrote his first book, *Uncle Tom's Children*, and won a Guggenheim fellowship.

Ralph Ellison also worked for the New York City project, and there were others who would make their contribution to the literary art: Kenneth Fearing, Edward Dahlberg, May Swenson, Philip Rahv. There were older writers of some distinction, mostly heavy drinkers, and there was more than the usual proportion of orthodox Communists and Trotskyites, who glared at each other from their desks and sometimes engaged in office scuffles. Each faction accused the other, often correctly, of crimes and finagling. In those days almost any means was justified by any sort of end, even pure disruption, if that would conceivably hasten the revolution. One project worker was rather too eager to eradicate his boss, a supervisor he suspected of being a Stalinist, a Trotskyite, a cryptofascist, or all three at once. Dur-

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ing the lunch hour he strewed the boss' desk with Communist leaflets, then called the police. These arrived in force, brandishing nightsticks, but late as always. By that time the supervisor had gotten rid of the leaflets, as he soon got rid of the overzealous worker. The revolution was postponed.

In spite of the unemployed literary talent available in New York, the project there included a sizable number of creeps, stumblebums and professional informers masquerading as firebrands. Millions of words were written, but not many books were finished, and even the New York City Guide had to be whipped into shape by John Cheever, dispatched on a rescue mission from Washington. The local project had seven directors in its seven years, besides two acting directors; the bad ones were fired, but never soon enough, and the good ones resigned. One after another they faced a mindbreaking situation, overwhelmed as they were by instructions from Alsberg's staff, often contradictory, and chivied by impossible demands from the project workers. These were never sure of their jobs, which depended on the generosity of Congress, and never knew how much they would be paid from week to week. Uncertain of what to do, they joined one or another of 11 unions, the largest of which was controlled by the Communists. They marched on picket lines; they went on sit-in strikes, lie-down strikes and hunger strikes, all reported maliciously in the press; they got their heads broken, and every strike made Congress less eager to help them. Doggedly shouting slogans, they fought against their own interests to the last foxhole.

4. *In all the chaos, some valuable work got done.* The Writers' Project took pride in its record of items produced for publication: in all, more than a thousand books and pamphlets. Those published by the spring of 1942—977 titles at the time, and there were a few more to come—occupied 84 feet of shelf space in the National Archives. On those shelves the American Guide Series had the honored place. The series consisted of 51 volumes, one for each of the states and three additional volumes for Alaska, Puerto Rico and Washington, DC. Many of the reviews had been enthusiastic. "For when we of this generation are all dust and ashes and forgotten," Ralph Thompson said in *The New York Times*, ". . . the American Guide Series will be still very much in evidence. And not only in evidence but in use: our children will be thankful for it, and their children, and their children's children." President Roosevelt named the week of November 10-16, 1941, "American Guide Week," after praising the series for portraying the "social, economic, industrial, and historical background of the country."

That was less than a month before Pearl Harbor, which proved to be a disaster for the series as for other civilian undertakings. During the war nobody traveled for pleasure, nobody talked about the state guides, and they were effectively forgotten. Interest in them has never been revived. Mangione reports that about half the guides are still in print, after 30 years, but only two or three have been brought up to date. The out-of-print volumes, which include some of the best, are consulted in libraries, chiefly by historians and local-color novelists. I don't know about Ralph Thompson's grandchildren, but mine have never heard of the American Guide Series.

Besides all those printed volumes—most of them issued by trade publishers at no expense to the Treasury—the project also accumulated a vast amount of unpublished material. About the lives of ordinary people. About ethnic groups and their traditions. About rural and urban folklore, a rich collection. About any American subject that Alsberg and his staff could dream up—and they were dreamers—to keep the workers busy. An undertaking of historical importance was that of recording interviews with more than 2000 of the former slaves who still survived in the 1930s. Most of those interviews have been published at last, quite recently, in a series of 19 volumes (at $25 each) capably edited by Professor George P. Rawick. Manuscripts in other fields, however—including a general history of the Western grasslands—have been destroyed or carried away or simply mislaid. The Library of Congress has in storage 325 cubic feet of writings and records of the project, never sorted out or made available to scholars. One is appalled by the prodigal waste of efforts and aspirations. During the last days of the project, Alsberg's mirror for the nation was shattered into a thousand pieces, and most of the pieces were lost or buried in a vault.

The project might have been more justified in boasting about what it did for individuals. Beginning in 1935, it kept alive several thousand writers and would-be writers—the number kept rising and falling—until most of them could be absorbed by the "war effort" as a still grander WPA. Many of those it hired had been disheartened by years of unemployment and utterly demoralized by their experience with home relief. When they first joined the project, they were still timid and frightened, but then their eyes came up and their shoulders went back; at last they had useful work to do. Eventually most of them found other jobs—that is, if they were under 50; it was chiefly the older men who were fatally wounded by the Depression. As for young men and women at the beginning of their careers, the project gave them a sort of post-graduate training. I have mentioned a few of many who later distinguished themselves, and these do honor to the country (as well as to Alsberg, who was eager to discover and support new talent).

Did the project have much effect on the history of American literature? One answer might be that it had rather less effect than the Theater Project and the Art Project had in their respective fields. Still, the effect was real. The project played fair with minority groups—except in some of the Southern states—and thus it contributed to the black renaissance of later years as well as to the achievements of several Jewish writers. It also helped, nobody knows how much, to arouse more interest in American history and the American land, region by region. American studies, black studies and many other current activities (including the magazine *American Heritage* and the many books to which it has given birth) owe an unacknowledged debt to the project. It cost the government a total of $26 mil-

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Notes on Contributors

In the days of the FWP, Malcolm Cowley *served on the "Guilds' Committee" for Federal Writers' Publications in New York City; he was also an associate editor of* TNR *from 1929 to 1944.* Allen S. Whiting *and* Doris Grumbach *are contributing editors of* TNR. Peter Caws *is in France, on leave from Hunter College.* Jonathan Yardley *is book editor of the* Greensboro Daily News. Caroline Gordon's *latest novel,* The Glory of Hera, *was published last winter by Doubleday. Poet* William Stafford's *latest volume is* Allegiances *(Harper & Row); he teaches English at Lewis and Clark College.*

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lion during its lifetime of less than eight years. On the whole, the public has received more in return for that money than it has for the millions spent in many other fields.

Those are a few of the conclusions to be drawn from *The Dream and the Deal.* It is an easy book to read, and the facts it presents are important to everyone even faintly interested in the relation between government and the arts. We should be grateful to Mangione for putting together the whole of an almost forgotten story.

Malcolm Cowley

Understanding China

The Long Revolution

by Edgar Snow

(Random House; $6.95)

Dragon By The Tail

by John Paton Davies, Jr.

(Norton; $10)

"Old China Hand," once an honored title, became a term of opprobrium for the Westerner whose omniscient explanations of China came from treaty-port contacts with a handful of persons from the very top (and often the very bottom) levels of society. However, compared with its modern variant, "China-watcher," it deserves resurrection to connote respect and appreciation for the wisdom of those who knew China through years of intimate association with its people and its problems and whose empathy provided invaluable clues to the emergence of a new order out of the old chaos.

Two of the wisest and most farsighted of these "Old China Hands" were Edgar Snow and John Paton Davies, Jr. One was a journalist, the other an American foreign service officer. Snow tramped with the peasants while Davies dined with Chinese and American policy elites. Yet both saw the rot of Chiang Kai-shek's rule and forecast the rise of Mao Tse-tung, only to be literally driven out of America for having dared to be heretical and right.

Today the wheel has turned. Edgar Snow is dead, paid tribute in passing by a President whose spectacular trip to Peking wiped out the image, if not the results, of his earlier help to the hate-mongerers and witch-hunters who purged all understanding of Chinese communism from American governmental, journalistic and academic ranks in the early 1950s. John Paton Davies, Jr. is respectfully questioned for his views by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and nominated by C. L. Sulzberger in *The New York Times* to be the first United States ambassador to the People's Republic of China.

It is too late to repair the damage to these and other "lost lives." But it is not too late to discover their understanding of where China has been and where it is going. These two volumes are excellent contributions toward this end. Snow's, published posthumously, is of more immediate interest because of his unique contribution to the Sino-American detente in which he played a small but significant role. Davies offers a long, leisurely review of China's internal and external developments through the first half of the century in the course of which he unobtrusively weaves his own experiences and prescient political analysis, culled from official dispatches, personal correspondence and diaries.

Readers of *The New Republic* will find much in the Snow volume reprinted intact from his original contributions to this magazine. However they will also discover valuable additional material, including details omitted earlier because of their sensitivity at the time. Snow visited China for six months, from August 1970 to February 1971, at the sudden invitation of Peking (he had been denied a visa in 1967 and 1968). Most of his time, amply reflected in the book, was spent in communes, factories and schools. But the main purpose of the visit was to facilitate "signalling between Peking and Washington in pursuit of high level negotiations." Progress on this matter in the Sino-American ambassadorial exchanges at Warsaw had halted because of the US-South Vietnamese "incursion" into Cambodia in May 1970.

This book makes it possible, for the first time, to reconstruct authoritatively the sequence of events that culminated in the historic handshake between Mao Tse-tung and President Nixon in the Chairman's study. According to Chou En-lai, Nixon initiated the proposal that "if Warsaw was not an appropriate place, discussions could be held in China." It was Peking, however, which raised the level of representation by replying that "Nixon could come there himself or send an emissary to discuss the Taiwan question." Unfortunately, says Snow, there was no response from Nixon, and with the Cambodian invasion, "the Chinese concluded Nixon was not to be taken seriously."

This explains the curious events of early 1970 wherein the US delayed the third ambassadorial exchange from March to May despite President Nixon's public acknowledgment that "some progress" had been shown in the talks. Apparently Peking's proposal caught the White House off guard, and while it readied its response the developments in Phnom Penh derailed the discussions in Warsaw. When Snow responded to Chou's account (given in early November 1970) and asked whether "the door is still open," Chou was cautious, noting that "the door is open but it depends on whether the United States is serious in dealing with the Taiwan question."

Chou's caution resulted in this entire portion of the interview being suppressed from the officially cleared version printed in *TNR*, March 27, 1971. By coincidence, during the week of clearance review, President Yahya Khan of Pakistan arrived from Washington with "a personal letter from President Nixon which formally raised the question of his visit to Peking, preceded by an emissary (Mr. Henry Kissinger) author-

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ized 'to discuss the Taiwan question.'" Further queries as to the Chinese response reportedly arrived from Washington before December 18, 1970, when Mao saw Snow and said that Nixon would be welcome in Peking, "either as a tourist or as President."

Mao's message did not reach Washington as quickly as might have been expected, however. Snow left China in February 1971 but his views were not solicited by the White House. Meanwhile his Italian agent found no takers for his articles, either at *The New York Times* or at *Life*. Not until later that spring with Peking's sudden invitation to the US table tennis team—later revealed by Chou to have been Mao's personal decision—did *Life* reverse course and publish the sensational interview. Thus the "signal" of December did not reach the White House until April.

Included in the book but omitted from the *Life* version is Mao's shrewd remark "that the presidential election would be in 1972. . . . Therefore Mr. Nixon might send an envoy first, but was not himself likely to come to Peking before early 1972." This observation, offered "casually," suggests the Chairman's awareness that long, tough bargaining might be necessary before arrangements for the visit could be completed but in the last analysis domestic politics would determine Nixon's availability.

Mao proved only partly right. As Ross Terrill and other sources have reported, in the spring of 1971 Peking was considering invitations to Senators Muskie, McGovern and Kennedy (just as it invited the opposition Labor leader of Australia, Gough Whitlam). Apparently the White House learned of this and preempted the move with the secret Kissinger trip and Nixon's surprise announcement eight months in advance of the actual summit. Domestic politics did prevail but at a cost to the President's bargaining position that cannot yet be estimated.

Unfortunately Snow did not live to see his memoir published and the foregoing account must be patiently pieced together despite jumps and redundancies which result from the mixture of previously unpublished material with verbatim reprints. Some editing of his earlier articles did occur. The long recapitulation of the Cultural Revolution origins and developments (*The New Republic*, April 10, 1971) is attributed personally to Mao, instead of to the original "very responsible person." The importance of this is suggested by the fact that Mao dates "the moment of decision" to oust Liu Shao-ch'i as January 1965, ostensibly because of Liu's desire "to send a Chinese delegation to the Soviet Twenty-third Party Congress, to reactivate the Sino-Soviet alliance." But actually either Mao or Snow erred by one year, since the Moscow meeting was in 1966, Peking's refusal to attend being announced March 22, 1966. Mao's concurrent reference to the proximity of US air attacks approaching the Sino-Vietnamese border as the context for Liu's proposal also rules out 1965. Despite such slips which should have been caught by more careful editing, the authoritative views of Mao and Chou make the book indispensable for any serious student of Chinese affairs.

However the general reader as well can profit from Snow's ability to compare critically his 1970 interviews and experiences with earlier visits, in contrast with most recent travelers' accounts. In particular his established rapport with officials provides a welcome glimpse behind the official prose which burdens the bulk of reported conversations. Mao's doubts concerning Chinese census reports, Chou's admission that the birth rate shot up during the Cultural Revolution with sexual mingling among millions of Red Guards, and Snow's perceptive questioning of the previous works as reportage. Unlike them, however, *The Long Revolution* is disappointingly short, despite inclusion of a 70-page appendix which contains his celebrated

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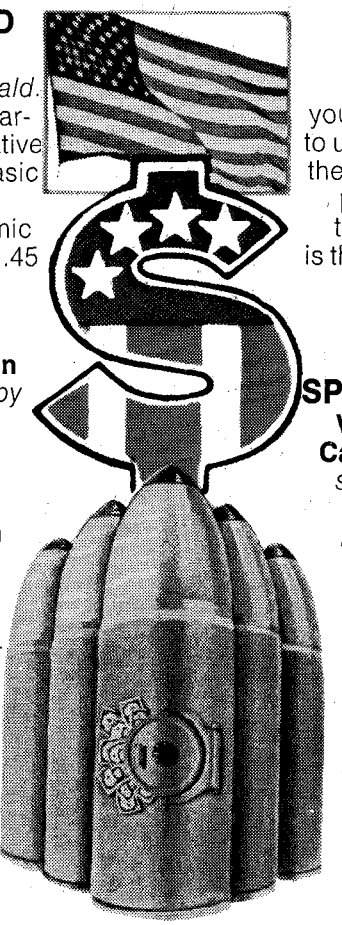

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interview with Mao of January 1965, heretofore only available in the original *New Republic* version. Death is untimely under most circumstances, but more than Ed Snow's presence on the President's trip to Peking was lost with his demise.

By contrast, John Paton Davies, Jr. offers a many-splendored volume, long in perspective, rich in detail and superlative in its prose. Born in China, Davies returned in 1933 as an American official residing in Mukden under Japanese occupation and Hankow under both seige and capture. After a stint with the Far Eastern Division of the State Department he went back to China in 1942 as political advisor to "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, commander of the China-Burma-India theater. Two fascinating trips to Yenan equipped him well for assignment to Moscow where, from 1945 to 1947, he watched the triangular relationship of Stalin-Chiang-Mao amidst the postwar change from grand coalition to global confrontation.

One of the valiant China specialists who fell before the McCarthy scourge, along with John S. Service, O. Edmund Clubb, John Carter Vincent and John K. Emmerson, Davies experienced eight departmental inquisitions in as many years, ultimately being dismissed by Secretary of State Dulles for "bad judgment." Following many years of residence in Peru, his case was finally reopened by the State Department and in 1969 he was formally issued a new security clearance.

Despite this harrowing history Davies offers no personal lament or anguished outcry. On the contrary, the book abounds with his dry, acerbic wit, perhaps jaundiced but certainly not stifled. Even as he recounts the failures of US policy in China there are no devils to be exorcised but merely feckless followers in the footsteps of all the reformers and revolutionaries, domestic and foreign, who vainly sought to remake China in their own image. As he notes in conclusion, "The truth of the matter is that China has been since the fall of the Empire a huge and seductive practical joke. The western businessmen, missionaries and educators who had tried to modernize and Christianize it failed. The Japanese militarists who tried to conquer it failed. The American government which tried to democratize and unify it failed. The Soviet rulers who tried to insinuate control over it failed. Chiang failed. Mao failed."

Whether one agrees with this judg-

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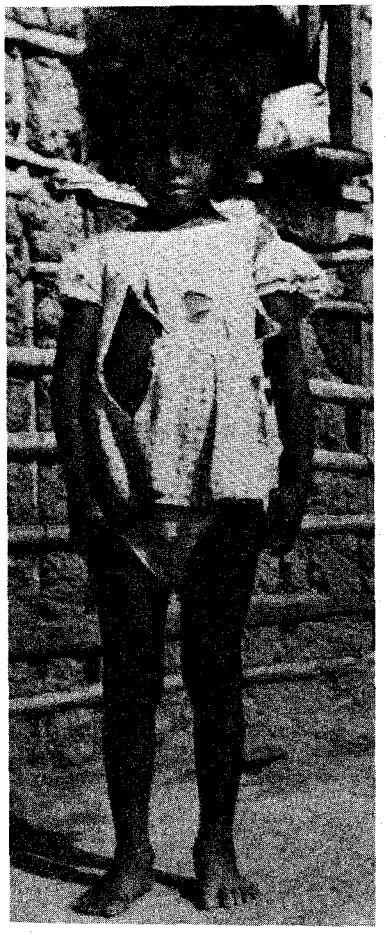
ment or not, his carefully argued approach challenges the more facile views which come from first-time short-trippers. The conclusion is perhaps premature with respect to Mao, but the book ends with the fall of Chiang and should be assessed accordingly. Davies takes the reader through almost 200 pages of historical review before beginning his personal involvement, all of which pertains to his point even if it does not necessarily prove it. As a result, the book is somewhat flawed in structure. The general reader will gain from the lengthy background but may find the detailed exposition of personal and bureaucratic infighting over our China policy in 1943-45 a bewildering labyrinth. On the other hand historians and specialists will welcome Davies' inside view of the Stilwell-Soong-Chiang-Hurley-Wedemeyer-Chennault imbroglio, while skipping over the general account which comprises half the volume.

No one will find it tedious or boring, however. Davies excels in urbanity, precision and self-deprecating humor, making this a genuine delight for the perceptive reader. Nor is he insensitive to the agony of the Chinese people, so harshly portrayed in his account of the Japanese rapine and pillage in 1938-39. Indeed, one of the most impressive attributes of the book is its sense of humanity, particularly for the radical and the revolutionary whose lifestyle seemed at such variance with that of the author. Whether in recounting the political passion of Agnes Smedley and the idiosyncracies of an American expatriate physician in Yenan or the personal characteristics of Mao, Chou, Liu Shao-ch'i and Lin Piao, the author portrays them as individuals, not as political caricatures.

Davies is uncommonly modest about his own reporting, specifically calling attention to his errors but not underlining his far more numerous and notable successes. He shares credit with his colleagues and is sparing with his critics. All this is particularly noteworthy, given his astute analysis of differences between the Russian and Chinese Communists a full 15 years before the Sino-Soviet dispute burst into the open, together with his prescription for US exploitation of these differences to establish a line to the new leadership, again some 25 years before Washington finally adopted this policy

This volume is a painful reminder of what has been lost on both sides of the Sino-American relationship because of



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the total lack of contact between the two societies between 1949 and 1971. If President Franklin D. Roosevelt and his various eminent emissaries could blunder so egregiously in their ignorance of China and the Chinese, despite the availability of advice from seasoned and sensitive observers such as Davies, Service, et al, how much more difficult is the problem of "normalizing relations" between the two countries now. If Chiang and Mao could not fathom the American policy process in 1944-46, their miscalculations were trivial compared with the risks of trying to analyze and anticipate US behavior today on the basis of such contacts as have occurred in Peking and Paris.

Other good books on China will appear this year. But few can hope to match these two for unique insight and reliable information, combined with a perspective derived from years of interaction with the oldest, most complex and perhaps most fascinating society in the world.

Allen S. Whiting

Suburban Middle Age

Museums and Women and Other Stories

by John Updike

(Knopf, $6.95 cloth; deluxe boxed, limited edition, $15)

This is a collection of Updike pieces from the diaspora of magazine fiction, and some nonfiction, a book of what used to be called "fugitive" fragments. The number of modes, the variety of the stories, will provide happy evidence to critics who love to deal with Updike's "preciousness," to put him down as not having found a great subject, or to point to the unsettling disparity between the high gloss of his style and the commonplace quality of his subject matter.

But last year with the publication of the sequel to *Rabbit Run*, *Rabbit Redux*, it became apparent that he had in this work accomplished successfully a reverse high-wire act. By the intensity and accuracy of his style, less florid, more precise than we were accustomed to from him, he made art of Rabbit Angstrom's pedestrian adventures, raising his subject to his high style. In this collection he is occasionally successful in the way that *Rabbit Redux* was, but more often unsatisfying.

Updike's subject matter has now settled into a heavy concentration upon suburban middle age. Like Rabbit, his characters are now frozen into all the awkward, disjointed postures of uncomfortable marriages in their mature years: emotional turmoil, unseasonable insecurity, constant guilt, unaccountable bouts of nostalgia. A tone of pity at the passage of time and the tragic waste of years inhabits many of these superb snippets of stories and prose pieces of autobiography, strangely out of sync with the photograph of the author we are accustomed to: the hawk-faced, tousle-haired, youthful tennis player. Incredible that he now is old enough—in the *persona* of character, it is true—to be confronted with the terror of being "the father of others." In "Solitaire," one of the most moving of these stories, the hero

> had wished to spare his children the responsibility and terror of solitariness. He wondered if they loved him as he had loved his father, wondered what depth of night sky would be displayed by his removal. To some extent he was already removed. They formed a club from which he was excluded. Their corporate commotion denied him access.

In another, "I Will Not Let Thee Go, Except Thou Bless Me," concerned with a farewell party given a computer-involved man and his wife who are making a corporation move from one suburbia to another, he writes:

> These women: he had seen their beauty pass from the smooth bodily complacence of young motherhood to the angular self-possession, slightly grey and wry, of veteran wives. To have witnessed this, to have seen in the sides of his vision so many pregnancies and births and quarrels and near-divorces and affairs and near-affairs and arrivals in vans and departures in vans, loomed, in retrospect as the one accomplishment of his tenancy here—a heap of organic incident that in a village of old would have moldered into wisdom. But he was not wise, merely older.

The speaker here is Tom, married to Lou, who dances at the farewell party with Maggie with whom he has once slept. Lou asks Tom later if he had been given a farewell kiss by Maggie because she felt *hers* had been excessive. Tom says Maggie might have been a little drunk; Lou's response is the story's last line: "Or else very tired like the rest of us."

If Updike's content has aged and settled into early autumn, his style preserves its old, poetic, adolescent superfluity. It is embroidered, as we were always told to expect "fine writing" would be, overbalanced with images that startle and explode and self-destruct while one's eyes are still on them, thick with outlandish evidence, example, similes that are superlatives. To me, more often than not, his descriptive passages seem to lack inevitability, so that instead of the benefit of recognition we are forced to strain for connection. Notice, for example: "My woman, fully searched, and my museum, fully possessed; for this translucent interval—like the instance of translucence that shows in a wave between its peaking and its curling under—I had come to the limits of unsearchability. From this beautiful boundary I could imagine no retreat."

The individual terms of these sentences, the separate parts of speech as they come on, are fine, colorful, vaguely suggestive. I carp, as I find myself doing so often with Updike's allusory writing, at the failure of the addition, the relegation of so many valuable insights to the mangle of style. One is often left with the sense that his sensibility is too private and too highly developed, too special for one's more pedestrian expectations, and the progress of his thought and narrative too eccentric for comfort.

These are small but, somehow, oddly irritating matters. At any moment to be

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unsure of why a writer of John Updike's capability is saying what he says, is to be always unprepared and then, often, unconvinced by his vision. His ultimate successes are thus diminished, not enough, true, to prevent one from acknowledging with pleasure his often-memorable pieces, but enough to let his readers—or one reader—carry along from book to book a kind of dread of the excesses. Only once in this work (an autobiographical piece called "The Sea's Green Sameness") have I come upon him expressing his own concern with the questions of style:

> It is a chronic question, whether to say simply "the sea" and trust to people's imaginations, or whether to put in the adjectives. I have had only fair luck with people's imaginations; hence tend to trust adjectives. But are they to be trusted? Are they—words—anything substantial upon which we can rest our weight? The best writers say so. Sometimes I believe it. But the illogic of the belief bothers me: From whence did words gather this intrinsic potency? The source of language, the spring from which all these shadows . . . flow, is itself in shadow.

Thus, if his style results from distrust of us, and reading it for us often ends in unaccountable dissatisfaction with its parts, if the sides of his vision permit him too much peripheral and distracting decoration, then we are left with the age-old question of form and content, and not a whit closer than the scholars to the answer.

Doris Grumbach

End of the Old Vaudeville

The Human Season: Selected Poems 1926-1972

by Archibald MacLeish

(Houghton Mifflin; $6)

Complete Poems 1913-1962

by E. E. Cummings

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.50)

The Old Dog Barks Backwards

by Ogden Nash

(Little, Brown; $5.95)

Three good poets out of the past have suddenly been stirred up by three good publishers who may be behind a plot to steal poetry back from the guitar players. I hope they succeed. First, Archibald MacLeish.

MacLeish at 80, putting his affairs in order, has produced a selection of his poems consisting of a large sampling of short poems dating back to the '20s plus excerpts from longer works like *Conquistador*, *J. B.* and *The Hamlet of A. MacLeish*. He has also done a bit of editing here and there—knocking off the last stanza of "Memorial Rain," for example—and has devised seven general topic headings to classify his poems by, thereby bolixing up the academicians who want poets to be helpful and arrange everything chronologically. Thus he puts under the heading *Autobiography and Omens* some of his best known early poems—"Eleven," "The End of the World," "You, Andrew

"Brutally honest, provocative, intensely readable..."*

BLACK EDUCATION MYTHS AND TRAGEDIES

by Thomas Sowell

"A timely, inclusive, and forthright volume on a most significant topic. Sowell, a distinguished black economist who has taught at UCLA, Brandeis, and Cornell (where he was during the 1969 black-students-with-guns crisis), spends 40 percent of his book on the not necessarily typical but certainly thought-provoking details of his own education. He also offers practical new ideas for improving black education, including precollege training centers for deprived blacks and an advanced institute for those qualified. More books like this are needed."

—*Library Journal*

"An intimate glimpse of a black man's education . . . and as autobiography it bears comparison with Malcolm X and *Soul on Ice*, though far more conservative in tone. Abounds in sharply stated views on black studies programs and contains a blistering chapter on the Cornell disturbances a few years ago." —*Publishers Weekly

$6.95

McKAY

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Marvell," "Epistle to be Left in the Earth"—but he also includes work out of his old age. The same procedure is followed under *Actors and Scenes, Strange thing . . . to be an American, The Art* and so on, and except for *The Art,* which is predictably about poets being poets and includes his old conundrum about how a poem should not mean but be, the categories do not make much sense, at least to me. I was pleased though to find the old order of MacLeishian events disrupted, even for dubious categories. MacLeish has long labored under the cloud of a bad press for being an opportunist, latching on to fads, lacking a center of his own, and he does now need to be looked at as one walking breathing distinct and unborrowed being without reference to his "phases." Edmund Wilson's "Omelet of A. MacLeish" did much of the original damage in the late '30s when MacLeish was busy drumming up trade for a kind of national poetry that went against both the '20s expatriate notions of an artist's proper (*i.e.*, detached) relationship to his country and the '30s Marxism. Wilson asserted that MacLeish was simply a man trying to get on who would do absolutely anything to *get* on, and the attribution stuck. MacLeish's new volume may at last help—if anyone really reads it as a unit, which is always hard to do with disparate short pieces—to lift the Wilson curse and present MacLeish as a poet with his own homemade character, a poet perhaps misunderstood as the other poets to be reviewed here were not.

MacLeish was always worrying about the poet's role as a citizen of the world, and so made gestures outward from poetry's private-sensibility cliques and claques that annoyed insiders. The new volume renders nearly invisible all that early fuss, and shows us a MacLeish who like many others of his literary generation—and I would here include prose writers like Hemingway and Gertrude Stein—was indeed after all a private sensibility, and therefore obsessed like the rest with finding and perfecting an individual style, a distinctive manner, preferably untraditional and spanking new. Unlike some of the others, however, he failed to find and settle on a simple oddity clearly his own, but in his search indulged in frequent rhetorical excesses—he was for example terribly wordy at times about the unimportance of words. Much of the excess is eliminated in the new volume, with the happy result that his distinctiveness now appears as genuine, a consistent part of his poetic being, rather than the bundle of contrivings Wilson thought it was. The distinctiveness is not easily detected in lower-case "i's" or exotically bad rhymes, but is nonetheless pervasive and clearly present; to me it appears as a cluster of mannerisms adding up to a working esthetics of immediacy. Like Pound and Eliot and F. M. Ford he always insisted upon "rendering" rather than "talking *about,*" but his renderings were his own in that they had his own infallibly MacLeishian personnae speaking a bit breathlessly and privately while at the same time struggling to be rather stagey and generalized, men speaking among men, universal persons addressing multitudes. I do think that nobody except MacLeish has ever quite done it the way he did it, and furthermore that this curious mixture of public and private rhetoric—sometimes ringing quite false, but standing up well in the carefully pared-down new volume—is a genuine part both of his speaking manner and of his so often defeated hopes for the art of poetry itself, hopes for the art that his contemporaries mostly did not share, hopes for it as a medium for more than the private life, something beyond Prufrock speaking to himself under water. Reprinted below is a fairly early MacLeish poem I had not noticed before, "Memory Green," that seems to me to catch his manner well, and to demonstrate his curious and I think effective mixing of oratory and intimate whispers.

If Cummings were alive now he would be 78. He has been dead ten years, yet this new edition gives us nothing that was not publicly published before except one dirty poem of little consequence for which earlier editions left a coy blank page. Oh, and somebody has helpfully added an index of first lines. Cummings was down on editors and editing processes; he wanted poems printed precisely as he wrote them, to the last tiny item of spacing, and he wanted them printed without comment in the order in which he had written them. So we find no revising and rearranging here even 10 years after the death; in fact we are allowed to witness no editorial hand at all—no introduction, no footnotes. I suppose that somebody eventually will come along and say who Joe Gould was and what city park filled up with

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but for the moment we are spared, though I personally don't want to be. The best edition of Cummings remains, I think, Harcourt's own paperback (Harvest No. 92), which came out in 1965 and has at least a worthy short introduction by Horace Gregory, though little comment on individual poems. We could use more comment now, and fewer poems, with an unfussy scholar violating the no-hunting signs Cummings put up on his territory, signs his wife continued to enforce for him until her death last year. I certainly don't think Cummings' reputation is helped by the persistent preservation, inviolate, of the 739 poems in the new edition; for his was a narrow art: he repeated himself shamelessly and went through practically no development of theme or method once he had settled into his niche. If poems were paintings the 739 could be bought and sold and hung with joy in 739 individual parlors, but since they are not paintings they huddle together uncomfortably in this heavyweight volume and represent him as a heavyweight poet, which he was not; he was a gloriously special poet who could do what he could do.

Particularly since he prided himself on his uniqueness—and in fact thought of any act of creation as primarily an individual's assertion of uniqueness—it seems a mistake to have the 739 wandering around forever in a lump. He deserves a slimmer, brighter image, for he remains a delight for youth. It doesn't matter that while he tells youth not to pay any attention to the syntax of things he is himself infatuated by the syntax of things; he comes over loud and clear as an indefatigable promoter of spring, love and the private life, and an equally indefatigable condemner of most of our faceless modernity.

Unfortunately he also emerges to me in my non-youth, finally, as an extraor-

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dinarily isolated man with fixed and unchanging social opinions that if triumphant would leave us with no society at all. His limitations don't dismay his fans though, and I still try to be one.

If we are to measure poets by their distinctiveness—and for better or worse the achieving of distinctiveness is the *raison d'être* for most 20th-century American poetry—it simply won't do to think of Ogden Nash as a minor figure. He is as distinctive as Cummings, and will perhaps be around as long as Cummings. He was slightly younger but not much, and his death in 1971 left us with acres of Ogden Nashery as well as with a clear—maybe too clear—vision of how the art of light verse should be perpetrated. He created a body of work that went triumphantly against the prevailing esthetic of poetry as a lofty, Sextus-Propertius affair, and he stuck with his creation for nearly forever, thereby becoming the chief poetic practitioner of the grand mundane in our country's most successful literary magazine, *The New Yorker*. *The New Yorker* has published good and important works by most of America's most highly thought-of sobersides, but it would nonetheless have been a nothing venture without its comedians. Nash was, forever, its chief verse comedian. Nash was the one who kept reminding *New Yorker* readers—who might otherwise have been scared away by the flavor of compressed elegance characteristic of the "serious" poetry its editors favored—that verse could be relaxed and topical. In other words Nash was the one who practically singlehandedly kept the verse department of the magazine in the business that the rest of the magazine was in, of commenting with intelligence, wit and asperity upon the contemporary American scene—its fads and fashions, its promotional and rhetorical excesses, its varied social and cultural crises. His contributions were too often on the cute side, and one could argue that a greater satirical severity toward America's multitudinous morasses—in a magazine that has always had after all the most serious of literary and critical aspirations—would have been in order; but Nash could hardly have been expected to carry the whole burden here. What he did he did well, and in so doing he not only kept American verse more open and various in its aims and interests than it otherwise would have been, but also kept *The New Yorker* on a track from which its artier verse contributors constantly wished to remove it.

Nash's new volume is work from the last three or four years of his life. Some of it is not particularly good Nash; all of it wears thin, as does Cummings' work, if read in big hunks; but it is all sufficiently sharp and sufficiently attuned to contemporary occasions to suggest that Nash's feel for the here and now did not diminish in old age. Nor did his wit. There are even some surprising brief pieces in which he abandons his lifelong pose of Look-I-Can-Write-Worse-Verse-Than-You-Can, and easily qualifies as a *good* comic poet!

So there they are, three poets of a nearly common age that I, a couple of decades younger, grew up with. All's changed now, as another poet I grew up with once said, but a terrible beauty has not as a result been born. We are in a verse hole, I'd say, speaking from the dubious heights of my own upbringing—dubious because things may be worse than they were *because* of what they were. I mean that the poets who are now finally subsiding—I think of Pound and Eliot as the chief architects of the early century's poetry, but would include my three poets here, and a few others, as significant attendant lords—managed to destroy the poetic past *they* inherited, with the result that poets now have to take starting-from-scratch as poetry's way of life. They are pushed into being primitives by the culture's climate, a climate that would deny its own unprimitive past. Pound's and Eliot's contributions to the new condition are large but beyond my province here, but it can be said that MacLeish emulated and enforced them in his search for immediacies that would supplant old narrative and descriptive conventions, and that Cummings and Nash in their turn also did irremediable damage to the prosodic staples they were brought up with. Who for instance damaged the sonnet (though he loved it) more than Cummings? And who damaged rhyme (though he loved it) more than Nash? It is not that these staples did not need to be damaged, it is merely that they were; a make-it-new wave passed slowly but always noisily over our verse culture for several decades, with the result that finally its force took effect and nobody was left who could lisp in numbers or do any of the other fine old vaudeville stuff of the Great Tradition. The irony is that of course all the old rebels *could* lisp by the numbers; they just didn't

Memory Green

Yes and when the warm unseasonable weather
Comes at the year's end of the next late year
And the southwest wind that smells of rain and summer
Strips the huge branches of their dying leaves,

And you at dusk along the Friedrichstrasse
Or you in Paris on the windy *quai*
Shuffle the shallow fallen leaves before you
Thinking the thoughts that like the grey clouds change,

You will not understand why suddenly sweetness
Fills in your heart or the tears come to your eyes:
You will stand in the June-warm wind and the leaves
falling:
When was it so before, you will say, With whom?

You will not remember this at all: you will stand there
Feeling the wind on your throat, the wind in your sleeves,
You will smell the dead leaves in the grass of a garden:
You will close your eyes: With whom, you will say,
Ah where?

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

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want to.

So now the old rebels are mostly gone. There have been many kinds of verse rebels in this century – it has been a century of miscellaneous rebellions, so many that the little magazines and publishing houses that brought them forth are almost unindexable – but each of the three poets here has in his own way earned the title of rebel more than most, and each has also been more fortunate than most, in that he has had talent as well as aversions. Another publishing autumn is not likely to produce such a harvest of autumnal figures from what is perhaps the last era of poetry having a tradition even to *complain* about. English departments should take note; their occupations may be nearly gone. Poets should take note too; their occupation's not gone but nobody can figure out what it is.

Reed Whittemore

Down With Science and All That

Where the Wasteland Ends: Politics and Transcendence in Post-Industrial Society

by Theodore Roszak

(Doubleday; $10)

If UNESCO or some other agency could set up an International Commission of Inquiry into the Befuddlement of the Twentieth Century, Hegel and T.S. Eliot between them would have a lot to answer for – Hegel for having put into general circulation the concept of "alienation" and Eliot for having raised the obscure literary theme of the "wasteland" to public attention. Or maybe it is Pound's fault for not letting the poem be as bad as it was apparently going to be. Alienation, it is true, is a perfectly good concept as long as it is used with proper care and as long as its two principal meanings are kept distinct – making *other, i.e.* objectifying or externalizing, and making *foreign, i.e.* separating or estranging. Marx used it in the latter sense in the restricted context of human production and in his hands it was enlightening. But Theodore Roszak uses it in its current popular debasement to mean a sort of subjective malaise generated by technology and overpopulation and bureaucracy, and in his hands it is not enlightening. Indeed by getting the two meanings confused – so that objectivity can be represented as a kind of estrangement – he makes it downright misleading. Nor is it helpful to be told for the umpteenth time that our culture is a wasteland and that it is all the fault of science. (It is not all the fault of science.)

Roszak's new book, in other words, is a great disappointment. It starts out full of passion, and there is something appealing in that; Roszak obviously feels deeply the plight of Western or American or at any rate Californian man, and one can only respect his cries of anguish about it. One or two of his vignettes of the contemporary condition are striking: his own daughter's shocked realization, in Europe at the age of eight, that meat was actually parts of animals; the family that watched Old Faithful through the viewfinders of its cameras and concluded that Disneyland was better. Roszak is at his best in his outraged denunciation of the evils of our frantic, bored and polluted world, and the fact that this was the part of the book that least needed to be written, since the theme has been worked numb by a whole army of writers, does not detract from the moral fervor and eloquence he brings to bear on it. Unfortunately the parts that did need to be written – the parts that are supposed to tell us how we got into this state and what we have to do to get out of it – although they maintain the fervor at full strength do very little else, while the eloquence degenerates catastrophically.

The theme of *Where the Wasteland Ends* is the corruption of nature by technology, the undermining of religion by science, the overwhelming of feeling by knowledge. It argues for a revival of a kind of religious awareness, going back to roots older than the already Westernizing doctrines of Judaism and Christianity, and offers a scathing critique of contemporary institutions and attitudes that are inimical to this. But what the argument most often amounts to is a complaint that knowledge and reason are not experience and feeling. It is of course true that many people, in the pursuit of rational explanations, have neglected to cultivate intuitive sensibilities, and that this is their loss. It is also true that the dominant educational values of our time have stressed knowledge and slighted feeling. But while the schools are still in a mess it is not clear that their error lies in this emphasis; indeed recent attempts on the part of well-meaning reformers to develop feeling at the expense of knowledge have only made things worse. It can only confuse and hinder to attribute to the development of science as objective knowledge – knowledge of whatever allows of being known, including human behavior to the extent that it does so – the overcrowded and impersonal circumstances of life in our times.

In spite of the fervor and eloquence one wonders even in the early parts of the book whether things can all be as bad as Roszak seems to believe, whether the poor hollow creatures of the artificial environment may not, in spite of his despair about them, have sensibilities as acute as his own. It is risky to generalize about the benighted condition of other people and presumptuous to offer oneself, even implicitly, as an example of something better. I grant the difficulty of criticism if the critic is required to live up to the standard by which he judges – we would all by that criterion be shamed into silence. But it is a question of tone. One has the impression that Roszak pitied and even despised the family that found Disneyland better than Old Faithful. But it might be a salutary exercise for him to try to think himself into the scale of values that would render such a judgment. For it really won't do to assume that the popularity of Disneyland is wholly due to stupidity, perversity and gullibility.

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Roszak forgets that man and hence all he has produced is a part of nature, and that the worst philistines among the technocrats are still human; so that alienation in the sense of estrangement—which means, roughly, man's no longer recognizing himself in his products—can't be a general condition unless we are prepared to disavow part of our own humanity. In particular he seems not to allow for the cultivation of sensibility *within* the technological landscape. He deplores the banality of air travel and the demise of the Sunday afternoon "pleasure drive" as though he never managed to get a window seat on a plane—still as romantic a vantage point on the world as he could wish—and as though there were nothing to be seen around any American city except junk. There is a lot of junk, but even that (as Roszak admits in the case of Joyce) can be the occasion of poetry. And if the industrial romantics overlooked the grim realities of the despoiling of the land, so the nature romantics overlooked the nastier manifestations of tooth and claw. No tsetse flies in the Lake District, and few malarial swamps.

Wordsworth, Blake and Goethe are Roszak's remedies for Eliot's sickness. They represent a late line of defense of what he calls the Old Gnosis—the rhapsodic and nonverbal cognition of nature usual in primitives (the Spiritual rather than the Noble Savage, and with about the same degree of plausibility), that we have reprehensibly lost—against the "single vision," as Blake called it, of modern science. Single vision is all cold and analytic, in contrast to the "fourfold vision" of Blake himself. But then his visionary powers were exceptional. Roszak gets so high on Blake that he can hardly write a connected sentence, and resorts to jottings and ejaculations. After quoting Blake's justly celebrated affirmation that he did not see "a round disk of fire somewhat like a Guinea" at sunrise—"O no, no, I see an Innumerable company of the Heavenly host crying 'Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord God Almighty' "—Roszak can hardly contain his excitement: "And he means it. He *means* it!" This joyful-exclamatory mode of criticism ("beautiful, neglected Thomas Traherne . . . working a theme so marvelously mad") is not enlightening either. But then Roszak's intention is not critical enlightenment, it is rather advocacy of a kind of mysticism, which would be fine except for some of the things he implicitly claims for it and some of the people he tramples in its behalf.

Both weaknesses have to do with the nature of empirical knowledge. The "dark mind" of dreams, he says, "reluctantly slides away from us . . . as if it had more to tell"; "there exists a power within the mind which transforms—perhaps astonishingly—the reality in which we reside." Well, there is no room here for a full discussion of that nest of problems, beyond remarking that what we know of the physiology of the brain makes it clear that the normal or waking or "reality" state is only one among a whole spectrum or space of possible states of consciousness, including those produced in dreams or by drugs or meditation and a range of others as yet uncharted. This form of reflexive human knowledge is part of the objective science to which Roszak takes exception; what he does not seem to understand is that because of the way the organism has evolved there *is* an important difference between knowledge acquired in the normal state, knowledge tested and corroborated, and "knowledge" of an intuitive or rhapsodic or oneiric kind. Objective knowledge is the only kind that can tell us anything about the world independent of our consciousness of it—how it would be, in structural outline and not in a self-contradictory perceptual fullness, if we weren't here—and what we discover in this way helps us reliably, as intuition does not, to make our way about in the world. But it need not belittle the human, even though it may (in a phrase of Bacon's that Roszak quotes with disapproval) hang weights on the understanding rather than supplying it with wings.

Bacon, and more especially Newton, are the villains of "single vision." Newton's experiments with light and prisms are viewed as illicit dissections, and his theory of gravity comes in for some of the most bizarre and least informed historical criticism of science I have ever encountered. Roszak laments the dying out of the concept of "levity" and identifies gravity with the heavy hand of science, crushing the imagination. He seems not to know that what stimulated Newton's interest in the subject was not the fact that the apple fell down but the fact that the moon stayed up. The very notion of objective knowledge is construed as a threat: "Once we agree that there is a form of knowledge that *can* be distilled without loss, we should be aware of the crucial step we are taking. We are agreeing that it is no loss to the scientist personally or to the culture generally to strip human thought of its most intimately personal qualities—its ethical vision, its metaphysical resonance, its existential meaning." But of course we are agreeing to no such thing, even if some scientists have slighted vision and resonance. In spite of Roszak's withering condemnation of scientists who try to escape responsibility for the inhuman use of their results—another thorny issue—there is some point in distinguishing between science, the scientists and the actual or projected applications of scientific knowledge.

The Western analytic intellect is also supposed to lead to an "anti-organic fanaticism": "Consider for a moment: since we were children, what have we been taught to regard as the quintessential image of loathing and disgust? Anything alive, mindless, and gooey . . . anything sloppy, slobbering, liquescent, smelly, slimy, gurgling, putrescent, mushy, grubby . . . things amoeboid or fungoid that stick and cling, that creep and seep and grow . . . things that have the feel of spit or shit, snot or piss, sweat or pus or blood . . . In a word, anything *organic*, and as messy as birth, sex, death, and decay. We cringe from anything as oozy as the inside of our body" (the space-marks are Roszak's own). It is not clear to me that all this is in fact taught; man is not the only fastidious animal. And one very good reason for cringing from the ooziness of the insides of our bodies is that if the sloppy, slobbering, liquescent etc. innards are there to cringe from, as in the case of Snowden in *Catch-22*, we are in serious trouble. In fact this whole catalogue seems to be little more than an attempt to *épater* the squeamish. For my own part I prefer my organics cleaner and do not regret the invention of handkerchiefs, band-aids and plumbing. (The outsides of bodies are organic too.)

I have tried to indicate some of the ways in which Roszak spoils his book, but the most serious thing about it is its intemperate attack on anything rational, objective or scientific, an attack which in spite of the assertion that it is just a question of restoring a balance is in deadly earnest, and which finds echoes in the growing anti-intellectualism of the contemporary period. Of course science is not everything; of course it has led to abuses; of course mad technologists have invented and sometimes perpetrated monstrous schemes. Like someone who has been smoking all his life and realizes too late that it has given him cancer we are only

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just waking up to the objective knowledge—not the feeling or the intuition—of the damage that science can do; with the difference that in the case of the race and the globe the situation, serious as it is, is not necessarily terminal, it being a characteristic of men that they die but of mankind that, other things being equal, it survives. But science and applied reason generally are the only protection we have devised against the caprice and irrationality and in too many attested cases, both historical and contemporary, the wickedness of religion, to which any form of it, not just its intellectualized Western form, is prone. So it is irresponsible, I think, to argue as Roszak does that because the great political issues "derive from the stormy clash of incommensurable values" it is foolish even to try to bring facts and logic and reason and moral principle to bear on them, and to advocate instead a kind of religious awakening. Certainly we need to "repeal urban-industrialism as the world's dominant style of life," but not at the risk of making that repeal a religious conviction of politicians. Of religion in its various manifestations—including, recently, fascism and communism and Americanism—and of intuitive feeling uncontrolled by facts and logic, we have seen enough in political and social life, so that futile as it may seem, and in spite of the sympathy I cannot help feeling for Tribe and the rest, I would rather cultivate reason.

Peter Caws

Cantankerous, Melancholy, Wild, Sane

The Clocks of Columbus: The Literary Career of James Thurber

by Charles S. Holmes

(Atheneum; $10)

At a time when literary biographers are smothering their subjects under blankets of doggedly researched trivia, Charles Holmes' study of James Thurber comes in refreshing contrast: it is no longer than it needs to be, it declines to wallow in titillating but extraneous detail, and it provides an intelligent analysis, by reference to the works mostly rather than the life, of a writer who was considerably more complex than is often realized. In part *The Clocks of Columbus* is admirable because it is not an "official" biography, but another student of Thurber is at work on that, and it will be interesting to see what he comes up with.

Holmes takes his title from a speech Thurber made in 1953, when he returned to Columbus to accept a medal from his native state: "It is a great moment for an Ohio writer living far from home when he realizes that he has not been forgotten by the state he can't forget. . . . I am never very far away from Ohio in my thoughts, and . . . the clocks that strike in my dreams are very often the clocks of Columbus." That last is, as E. B. White has written, "a beautiful sentence and a revealing one," and it provides a useful framework for Holmes' book, a central theme of which is that Thurber "was a combination of old-fashioned Middle Western values and intellectual culture, and it is the tension between those forces which underlies much of the comedy and some, at least, of the melancholy and nostalgia in his work."

Though Holmes does not overdo biographical detail, he provides enough information about Thurber's early years to locate the roots of that tension. Thurber's family was a large and happy one, if not unduly prosperous, and in many respects his was a typical turn-of-the-century, small-town boyhood: childish escapades and pranks, dime novels, baseball afternoons. But Thurber had from his early years a hyperactive imagination—he was given to dwelling in what he later called "secret surrealist landscapes"—and his imaginary life became even more vivid after a childhood accident cost him the sight of one eye. His interests became increasingly intellectual; in the rough world of high school, and then in the philistine surroundings of Ohio State in the 1910s, he was at once the lonely outsider and the ambitious hustler who won respect in spite of his literary leanings and eccentric manner.

But if the tension between his affection for small-town America and his contempt for its anti-intellectualism is central to the humor and asperity of Thurber's writing, there are other conflicts of comparable importance: between romance and reason, fantasy and fact, sentimentality and cynicism; between the practical, calculating American woman and the "mild-mannered, well-intentioned male"; between the individual and the institution, the individual and mass society; between the "un-mechanical man" and the "gadget he does not understand."

Holmes isolates these tensions and predicaments persuasively, disclosing the consistency with which they run through Thurber's work, and his analysis suggests why it is that Thurber continues to have a large readership a decade after his death. It is true that Thurber wrote mainly for *The New Yorker* with its "wealthy and sophisticated New York audience." It is also true that his work deals largely with "the everyday problems of middle-class life." Yet, rereading Thurber, one is struck by how little of his work is limited by either class or topicality. "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" illustrates the point. As Holmes describes it:

> The central theme of the story is the conflict between the world of fantasy and the world of reality and . . . this is seen as a part of the conflict between husband and wife. The male is always associated in Thurber's imagination with fantasy, the female with logic and common sense. In reality, Walter Mitty is inadequate to the demands of the real world: his wife bullies him, the parking-lot attendant sneers at his awkward efforts to park the car, he cannot remember the shopping list. But in his secret

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world of fantasy, derived largely from bad movies, he triumphs over the humiliating forces of the actual.

Thurber's "real subject," Holmes says, is "the comic interplay between romantic impulse and the world of everyday," and it is that which gives "Mitty" and other stories, the fables, some of the fairy tales and the Columbus reminiscences their genuine universality. Thurber usually wrote about himself, but he found in his own tensions and yearnings a pattern that touched upon contemporary experience. He was, as Holmes delicately makes plain, no Everyman himself—he was a cantankerous, self-absorbed, thoroughly difficult individual who was capable of considerable cruelty to others—but "a strong sense of fact and a strong bias toward fantasy" enabled him to create a fictional "Thurber" who, no matter what name he goes under in any particular story, speaks to the lives and dreams of his readers.

Thurber reads as well today as ever. The fables are remarkable for their irony and wisdom. Some of the fairy tales tip over the border between romance and sentimentality—a border Thurber rarely violated after he had matured as an artist—but they contain some of his finest and most intricate writing. The various Columbus reminiscences—"The Night the Bed Fell," "The Day the Dam Broke"—are very nearly perfect examples of nostalgia without treacle. Thurber's misogyny is unfashionable these days, but he ought to get credit for describing the battle between the sexes before it erupted into full-scale war—and one is tempted to say, after observing the behavior of some of the more ardent women's liberationists, that Thurber knew who the real warriors are.

Much of Thurber's writing about relationships between men and women reflects the surprising darkness of his vision; he had a deep sense, Holmes points out, of "illogic and disorder," and despair lurked beneath much of the laughter. But that is true of virtually all great humorists; consider, for instance, Twain, with whom Thurber is so often compared. On the other hand, Holmes writes, "the dark fantasies and the melancholy strain in his work are balanced by a basic sanity and a positive relish of the whole human scene." Such sanity is in short supply these days, and humor too; Thurber seems more necessary than ever.

Jonathan Yardley

Our Rare and Fragile Home

The Delicate Creation

by Christopher Derrick

(Devin-Adair, Old Greenwich, Conn.; $5.95)

Christopher Derrick writes about the "American environmental crisis." A Royal Air Force pilot in World War II, he was educated at Oxford, where he had C. S. Lewis for a tutor. He says that he is "in love with America," but admits with disarming candor that he knows the object of his affection only through 10 trips he made here, "shamelessly exploiting the American taste for being lectured." Historically, he belongs in that long line of British and European observers who have regarded the United States as a laboratory for social and political experiment.

The eminent churchman who has written a foreword to Derrick's book calls him "one who walks a middle road," not because he seeks compromise or neutrality but because he seeks "a ballanced tension of opposites." I see him, however, as having forsaken the middle road—temporarily, at least—to perform on a tightrope stretched high above our country. His performance is that of a virtuoso.

In recent years we have witnessed several such performances. Lewis Mumford's brilliant and scholarly *The Myth of the Machine* comes first to mind. The high wire on which Mumford performed extended as far as Egypt in the days of the great Pharaohs. Mumford sees us as the slave of our technologies and likened our plight to that of the masses whose sweated labor produced the Pyramids. But the technologies forming our present "prison" originated, he holds, in the 17th-century scientific hypotheses advanced by Kepler, Galileo and others.

Derrick's wire is not stretched over as vast an area as Mumford's but it is stretched higher and the poles that support it are sunk more deeply in the earth. Securely perched on it, he surveys the contemporary scene. Like everybody else who has written on the subject, he has collected statistics and can rattle them off with the best of us. In New York City

> the citizen takes into his lungs the equivalent in toxic materials of thirty cigarettes a day . . . apart from the actual cigarettes that he smokes. . . . Americans, a wit has observed, are unfit for human consumption. . . . In the fatty tissues of his body the average American now carries nearly twice the proportion of DDT that is considered tolerable in meat. . . .

He also seems thoroughly conversant with our "literature of crisis" but finds the remedies that have been proposed impractical. He observes that America from early times has been polarized between two conflicting principles: the Rousseauistic desire for a return to primal simplicity and the *Popular Mechanics* passion for "progress." Rousseauism is popular with the youth of today but the history of the Utopian communities which flourished in this country in the 1800s suggests that its popularity does not insure its practicality: even if the simple life solves immediate problems, it leaves no viable heritage for successors. As for "progress," Derrick disposes of that as summarily and succinctly as did the character in Henry James' *The Bostonians*—a Southerner named Ransome—who, when Miss Birdseye exclaims: "You don't believe in progress!" replies, "I've never seen any." The belief that technological skills alone, though applied more efficiently and prudently, can remedy our present situation is even less sound than a faith in the simple life, he thinks, since it may lead Man to his own destruction. "Man," he says, "has been riding a technomaniac tiger," a situation that will remind oldsters of the young lady, who went, smiling, for a ride upon a tiger. "They came back from the ride with the lady inside and the smile on the face of the tiger." Derrick does not agree with the pessimists who insist that Man is doomed; he thinks that it is still possible for him to dismount from his tiger; but if he does succeed in this feat he will do well not to twist the tiger's tail or even pat him ill-advisedly.

Derrick advances another—and at

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present unfashionable—reason why we should keep on good terms with our tiger: he is our brother in the brute creation and, as such, *deserves* to be loved. Thus the ultimate decision in our environmental crisis will be moral, Derrick maintains, indeed religious, with emphasis upon a particular theological doctrine: the goodness immanent in all of God's creation.

This doctrine, of course, has been implicit in the Judeo-Christian ethic since it was set forth in the first pages of Genesis in God's act of looking upon his own creation and finding it good. But according to Derrick, Darwin's theory of *The Evolution of Species* is a development of this dogma. ". . . [A]mong other things it was a reassertion of our continuity with the animal world, and indeed, with the vegetable and mineral worlds, too: we were told, with some vehemence, that we were promoted apes. . . . If Darwin had caused us to feel effectively, that the animals and the trees and the rocks were our close blood relations, our alienation might have been eased."

Evolutionary thought in practice seems to have had the opposite effect. Darwinism has not encouraged us to imagine our kinship with the beasts but to believe we have left the beasts far behind, so far that we cannot possibly have empathy with them.

Evolution, viewed in this light, becomes a force with a capital "E." Instead of regarding it as a term which covers a great many natural phenomena ranged in support of a particular hypothesis, we now sometimes speak of it as a concrete being of such power and dignity that it inspires in some of us an approximation of the theological virtue of faith. Derrick says that at the level of conscious belief this idea would be repudiated, but that at a less conscious level the idea remains latent in our society, constantly influencing our vision of our relationship to our environment.

He further maintains (what most of us would deny) that the thinking of most Americans is determined by their religion. That "the God of our choice" is worshipped in a bewildering variety of ways is undeniable, but Derrick goes farther, insisting that Americans continue to think in a habit of mind which the Scholastic philosophers of the Middle Ages called "Trinitarian." In the Middle Ages the doctrine of the Trinity prevailed throughout Europe. We no longer burn people to death, as they did then, for not subscribing to the same doctrine but Derrick insists that otherwise our habit of thought is equally unyielding, and fully as Trinitarian:

> It would not be too fanciful to say that for some time past, most of us have worshipped an unholy Trinity —Science in the first place, then Science's child, Technology; and the Standard of Living that proceeds from both . . .

He identifies our current "Trinitarianism" as a form of Gnosticism which stemmed from Manes. The distinctive characteristic of manichaeanism is a hatred of the natural world. Psychologically it is based on an experience that all of us have had at some time. Eric Voegelin has identified it as the experience of the world as "an alien place into which man has strayed and from which he may find his way back to the other world of his origin." This experience, interpreted by orthodox doctrine, is central to Christianity: the sense of exile and loss resultant on the Fall. In manichaeanism it takes precedence over all other doctrines. Derrick describes the development of the modern manichaean outlook as a process with which the psychiatrists have made us all more or less familiar. Aware of evil in himself, man projects this evil upon the universe and then devises a theology to suit his "delusional pattern."

> The idea of God and the divine goodness can remain; but it needs to be separated altogether from the idea of creation . . . the consequent theology is dualistic: it contrasts the good God (remote, gentle, and wholly beyond our knowing in this world), with the demi-urge, the very inferior working deity who made this bad material universe . . .

Manichaeanism is an antisocial religion and therefore has never been popular with governments. It calls upon men to live ascetically, despising this world and rising above it. But his asceticism seems to have been practiced only by its inner circle of adepts and *illuminati*. Wherever it has appeared accusations of sexual license, and even of sexual depravity, have been brought against the rank and file of its adherents —witness the extravagances of the nuns at Port Royal, or, to go as far back in history as 100 A.D., the orgies indulged in by the followers of Montanus and Priscilla.

Manichees have always been persecuted and have gone underground and have reappeared, as Serge Hutin points out, in time of social and political crisis. The regularity with which manichaeanism reappears leads Derrick to conclude that when we confront it we are not dealing with an arbitrary collection of dogmas and principles, but with "a coherent psychological structure, an archetype." And an archetype, as Carl Jung has been reminding us now for many years, operates, for the most part, below the level of conscious thought, "protruding" into action only at intervals.

Manichaeanism may have "gone underground," for the present, but Derrick maintains that the Christian world of today has "the manichaean bug" in its "bloodstream." Derrick, who is as much at home among the semanticists as he is among the theologians, observes that the writings of the new theologians are "packed to bursting point" with synonyms and near-synonyms for the ancient concept of *gnosis*. Words like "insight," "awareness," "meaning," and "meaningful" are used—"meaningfully" and "hopefully!"—as if they were doctrinal absolutes. "Increasingly," he says, "the Christian religion is . . . seen as an Illuminism, an escape from the burden of self."

He sees the conflict between the Hebraic-Christian God and the manichaean demi-urge as being fought out today archetypally. The "limp, long-haired son" and the "forcefully aggressive father" are engaged in the same struggle which the poets of archaic Greece recorded between Apollo, the god of light (Enlightenment), and Dionysus, the god of religious ecstasy, whose followers frequently reinforced their piety—in Eastern countries with drugs, in the West with drink.

> The Dionysiac son, with his drugs and his death wish, can only succeed in killing himself: the Apollonian father, efficient in his great plans of conquest, may quite possibly kill us all.

A contemporary poet, W. H. Auden, has summed up our plight when he remarked at an environmental conference that "Americans don't have enough reverence of matter." From his stance on his high wire, Derrick proposes a way out of that dilemma: a return to "merry middle earth." Pilgrimages have always involved a certain amount of inconvenience, if not self-denial. But human beings who love life have always

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been able to deny themselves immediate pleasures for the sake of survival. Derrick does not urge us to strip ourselves of all the benefits of the technology for the contemplated journey. He reasons that man has always been as technological as he could contrive to be—from the Stone Age forward. The *ascesis* he recommends is that we cease thinking negatively and concentrate on "the most basic dogma of the religion we inherit": the goodness and extreme delicacy of God's creation. If we succeed in this endeavor he assures us that ". . . on some windy morning we might open our eyes and for the first time catch sight of this world, our rare and fragile home."

Caroline Gordon

News of Szigligeti

McGraw-Hill Encyclopedia of World Drama

(McGraw-Hill; $119.50)

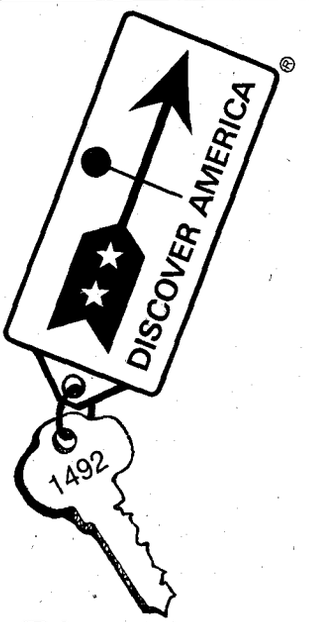
And Others

Fine art, said Bernard Shaw, is either easy or impossible. So is the reviewing of encyclopedias. One can sample but cannot really read an encyclopedia—certainly not with consistent competence. Yet when a four-volume, 2126-page work comes along that is destined for many library shelves and some private ones, surely some comment is needed. I have both read and sampled. I read the first volume of the *McGraw-Hill Encyclopedia*, all 515 double-columned pages, with a better knowledge of some subjects than others; and I turned all the other pages, spot-checking where subjects were familiar or arresting. As a result, I'm (rather reluctantly) obliged to recommend the work because it contains much useful material, some of it not available elsewhere in English, but I recommend it with uneasiness.

First, the title is misleading. This is not an encyclopedia of world drama. Except for a touch of Japan, it's European and American drama; and even so, I saw no Icelandic or Latin American dramatist. The editors, of whom there were 13, headed by Bernard Dukore (not to mention 68 contributing editors and a platoon of publisher's editors), say that one criterion for including a writer was whether he was a national of a country with a reasonably long history of drama. Indian drama is much older than Romanian, still there is no Kalidasa here and there are a number of Romanians.

Second, the arrangement. No national histories, some articles on terms like Tragedy, but the bulk of the book is articles about dramatists. The lesser ones are handled in conventional manner. Each major one gets a biography (never "complete" as the introduction claims); then a critique; then synopses of his outstanding works; then a list of all his plays in chronological order; then two selective bibliographies, one of his plays and the other of books about him. The advantage of this grouping is that when one is in the A section reading about Aeschylus, one doesn't have to turn to L for the synopsis of *The Libation Bearers*. The disadvantage is that the plays are summarized briefly for discussion in the critique and then a page or two later are summarized again in more detail. With the critique and the synopses so close together, I wonder why the former couldn't have leaned on the latter to a greater degree.

The play lists represent immense research, and each of them will probably be useful sometime to someone, but the plan does seem to have gripped the editors by the nape and forced them arbitrarily into disproportions of space. The article on the Alvarez Quinteros, for instance, runs less than two pages; their play list, in smaller type, runs four



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pages. For Hans Sachs, it's a proportion of two to five, and you can imagine what it's like for Lope de Vega and Eugène Scribe. After a brief article on Ede Szigligeti (no, I never heard of him, either), his play list runs two pages—and not one of the plays is available in English.

Beyond all this, there are four chief reasons for my unease: style, opinion, fact, and pictures (of which there are many). Here are some instances in each department.

Style. Most of the entries that I read are written in barely passable encyclopediaese. Occasionally there is an article better than that, such as the ones on Cibber and Cocteau and Granville-Barker and Racine. None is as good as, for instance, Irving Wardle's articles on contemporary British dramatists in *The Reader's Encyclopedia of World Drama* (Crowell, 1969).

Sometimes the writing is ludicrous. Of Andreyev: "Although he later remarried, feelings of gloom and emptiness persisted. . . ." "In all, Aristophanes wrote forty authentic plays; four others are spurious." Which, as put, says that, after writing 40 authentic plays, Aristophanes wrote four spurious plays. Of Corneille: "Although his plays contain brilliant poetry, his contemporaries found his conversation dull, and though he wrote about heroes, he was known as a shy man." Of D'Annunzio's elopement: "They had three sons before his ardor cooled and a separation was arranged." And from the barrel-bottom: "Although Ibsen's life of embattled exile and uncompromising artistic dedication profoundly influenced such like-minded admirers as James Joyce, it has been largely his work—twenty-six plays written over fifty years—that has affected subsequent drama so decisively as to earn him the title 'father of the modern theatre.'" That clears *that* up, in case you thought he got the title for his lifestyle and not his works.

Opinion. How many would agree that Albee's *Tiny Alice* is a "realistic play with metaphysical overtones"? John Arden is considered a lesser writer and gets much inferior treatment to, say, S. N. Behrman. Is it true that Anouilh "is probably without a contemporary peer in his mastery of stagecraft"? Coward and Rattigan and De Filippo are not equally skillful? Is Miller's *The Crucible* accurately described as an allegory, in the same breath with Frisch's *The Chinese Wall?* Is Carson McCullers "surpassed only by Tennessee Williams and Truman Capote as an exponent of the Southern school of modern American letters"? So much for Eudora Welty and Flannery O'Connor, then. (Faulkner is not considered "modern," I guess.) About Courteline we are told that "in his native France his popularity and reputation as a comic dramatist are second only to those of Molière"; about Feydeau we are told that "recently some critics have tended to call him France's greatest comic dramatist after Molière."

Fact. Maxwell Anderson's *Elizabeth the Queen* (1930) is called "the first successful verse drama presented on the American stage." Obviously the writer means "first successful American verse drama," but even this is inaccurate. It disregards, among others, George Henry Boker's *Francesca da Rimini*, first done in 1855 and recurrently revived with success during the next 50 years. J. M. Barrie, a fervent Scot, would have curdled at being called an "English dramatist," as he is labeled here. Georg Büchner's *Lenz* is not "a novel"; it is not even inarguably an unfinished novel. It is a 25-page piece of prose fiction. *Commedia dell'arte* is inadequately translated as "comedy of 'artists' "; the term was used to distinguish professional, improvised theater from *commedia erudita*, the amateur and literary theater of the Italian court and academy. D'Annunzio may have "reserved" *The Dead City* for Bernhardt—he did indeed offer it to her first—but it was Duse who made the play famous. The lovers in the Davis-Wharton *Ethan Frome* are injured in a sled crash, not a car crash. Hecht and MacArthur's *Twentieth Century* is about theater people, not movie people. In *Hedda Gabler* Thea and George agree to reconstruct Eilert's manuscript before Hedda shoots herself, not afterward. Shaw's remark about Oscar Wilde's playwriting ability is badly misquoted.

Pictures. An extraordinary number of them are of the Asolo Theater Company of Sarasota, Florida. Odd. For Dekker's *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, two photos of the Guthrie Theater production are used, none of the most celebrated US production—by the Mercury Theater in 1938. Judith Anderson as Medea should surely be under Robinson Jeffers, not Euripides, since she played the distinctive Jeffers version. Couldn't one of this encyclopedia's 13 editors have identified Margaret Anglin in the photo of the Berkeley production of *Iphigenia in Aulis?* Or John Barrymore in Tolstoy's *Redemption?* (No mention here that *Redemption* was Broadway's title for *The Living Corpse.)* Or Gustav Gründgens in the German production of Cocteau's *Bacchus?* Couldn't one of the 13 have known that George Alexander was not "an American Faust"? (He was British—and was in Henry Irving's production.)

I underscore that all the points raised above come from a reader with little knowledge of most of the Spanish and Italian and German dramatists treated and with no knowledge of any of the Romanian and Portuguese and Hungarian ones (except Molnar). If one may take part for the whole, which seems reasonable in a work of this kind, I would expect a good many more dubious opinions and plain mistakes to be found by those with other interests and backgrounds. Hence, despite some useful data, my uneasiness.

The Reader's Encyclopedia of World Drama, mentioned above, was edited by the late John Gassner and Edward Quinn and is skimpier on biographies, pictures, play synopses, play lists and bibliographies than the new work. (Only 15 lines on Szigligeti.) But where a play is included, the synopsis is usually fuller than in *McGraw-Hill*, there are many national histories, from all continents, and the articles are generally better written and more critically intelligent. (I have been dipping in it since 1969.) Also, it has an appendix called Basic Documents in Dramatic Theory, an anthology from Aristotle to Dürrenmatt of about 100,000 words. One volume, 1030 pages, $15—less than one-eighth the price of *McGraw-Hill* and almost half its length.

I have scant space to do justice to another encyclopedia, published this summer, a shorter book than the above but a much more prodigious job: *Mod-*

Those Others

Beyond where we are is
a mountain farm, and winter
waiting above that farm,
and winter's home, and then
that home beyond the trees
where the wind goes on, where
they fought the snow
but their tracks are gone, and
we fight the snow.

WILLIAM STAFFORD

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ern World Drama, 855 double-columned pages written by *one man*, Myron Matlaw (Dutton; $25). There are also a 25-page character index and a 74-page general index. The book covers the years from Ibsen to the present, contains histories of 80 countries' national drama (only six lines on Szigligeti!), hundreds of biographical – critical articles on individual dramatists with bibliographies, and hundreds of play synopses, many of them long enough to treat the play act by act. I have read the A section of this book and have sampled heavily throughout, and it shows an eminently respectable level of discourse and opinion. I've spotted very few errors. (Walter Hasenclever did not write the film version of *Anna Christie* for Garbo; he may possibly have worked on the translation for the German version she did at the same time.) But this encyclopedia can be recommended without uneasiness. There are numerous illustrations, well captioned.

Stanley Kauffmann

In Brief

The Star-Spangled Hustle

by Arthur I. Blaustein and Geoffrey Faux

(Doubleday; $7.95)

What ever happened to Black Capitalism? In case you forgot, Black Capitalism was to be Richard Nixon's answer to the twin headaches of poverty and racial unrest. It was ballyhooed during the 1968 campaign as the Republican alternative to Democratic welfare statism. The private sector would turn ghettos into gardens, and blacks would be given "a piece of the action." It didn't turn out that way, and if you want to know why, this book provides some lively answers.

The plot of *The Star-Spangled Hustle* is simple, almost too simple. Maurice Stans, the GOP moneyman who, as secretary of commerce, directed the Black Capitalist crusade, was a Bad Guy. His vision of Black Capitalism was one of *mucho* publicity and *poco* money. "What the black people, the minority people, need more than anything else today," he told a staff meeting, "is a modern Horatio Alger, the kind of guy who will tell the story of how he succeeded and let everyone else believe that they can accomplish the same result." Stans' loyal underlings were of like mind. When one over-enthusiastic aide suggested that more blacks be hired to administer the program, Under Secretary Rocco Siciliano sharply reminded him that "this is basically a white man's program to help the minorities. The secretary didn't have in mind that we'd have to hire a lot of them." With friends like that, Black Capitalism was bound to be a shuck. The authors, both former poverty warriors, observed the humbuggery first-hand and here lay it bare in harrowing detail.

Their exposé could have been somewhat more damning had its characters been less type-cast and its language a bit less polemical. But *The Star-Spangled Hustle* bulges with solid economic and historical grist. It reminds us that

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blacks own pathetically little of their own communities, and that throughout America blacks own less than $400 per family in all financial and capital assets, compared to about $6000 for the average white family. This kind of impoverishment will not be remedied by programs that benefit a few individual entrepreneurs and perpetuate Horatio Alger myths. What's needed, say the authors, are black and other minority-owned enterprises, all right, but they should be owned cooperatively or by community development corporations, and subsidized at least as generously as are mighty conglomerates.

Memoirs 1950-1963

by George F. Kennan

(Atlantic/Little, Brown; $12.50)

George Kennan's first volume of memoirs, which took us from 1925 to 1950, gave brilliant insights into the beginnings of the Cold War, and promise of a second volume which would provide a firsthand history of the Eisenhower/Dulles years through the eyes of a thoughtful participant critic. That second volume has now arrived taking us from 1950 through 1963 and Kennan's final retirement from public service after a tour as John Kennedy's ambassador to Yugoslavia. As with the first volume, we are taken through Kennan's lucid prose to major events of the period: the Korean War, Moscow prior to Stalin's death, the McCarthy period and finally Yugoslavia.

It is sad to say that despite the rich background of the period, much of what Kennan writes takes on a tone of defensive introspection. Kennan was a critic of the Cold War policies, rightly so as events have proved out. But his critical faculties were one thing, his actions as a man seem to have been another. His cat-and-mouse game with Dulles over his future within the State Department is embarrassing; his defense of former colleagues attacked by Joe McCarthy, though perhaps noble at the time, comes across as safely bureaucratic; and his concern with what his critics said of his Reith lectures in 1957 seems petty and defensive. The man in short becomes less impressive a figure as he worries in print over whether he should or should not have made this or that statement when all the time he was outside the government and having little, if any, impact away from the halls in which he lectured.

Arigato

by Richard Condon

(Dial; $7.95)

For two hundred pages here the incomparable Richard Condon is not doing it the way he can do it. He seems bored with plot and pace, content to create comically corrupt characters and governments and let them wallow. But when his story lumbers finally into its sprint it is as speedy, insane and gory as his stories can be, maybe even more insane than the earlier Condons, in that the occasion for the gore is unprecedentedly frivolous. Anyway, it has master capitalists and master spies and a master chef lurking on its edges, as well as a master think-tank type who "had based his entire technique upon the terrifying lack of interest by politicians in even the most elementary sort of reality-testing"; but the hero is merely old Navy (British) who keeps losing his shirt gambling. Arigato, if it's any help, means thank you in Japanese.

The Fall of the American University

by Adam Ulam

(Library Press; $7.95)

Adam Ulam believes the universities deserved the trouble they suffered in the "student revolt" of the '60s, but he says the inspiration came not from the alienation of Youth, but from an overwhelming glut of moral rhetoric then in fashion. He warns that the crisis hasn't passed; the increase in emotionalism has been accompanied by an increased social pressure to defer, in matters of judgment, to self-proclaimed experts. Diffident professors, he argues, gave way to the romantic moralizing of students who insisted that the university should make its power felt in politics. That was the first mistake. Since then, he feels, college administrators have been bullied into a stance of moral inferiority in which they feel

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they must justify even the most routine transactions. Those approved of by the students are seen as healthy and pure, while those in disapproval are tainted with the adjectives of corruption. Ulam is most disturbed by what he calls the medieval tendency of the university's critics to find in every hesitant gesture some hint of deeper good or evil. Ulam is convinced the whole problem set root when academics began shuttling to Washington in the Kennedy administration, and that it won't be solved until people recognize that universities, like all other schools, should be concerned primarily if not exclusively with the "imparting of knowledge."

The Fall of the American University is really the story of the fall of Harvard, 1960-72, told by a professor of government who earned his doctorate there 25 years earlier. For someone who makes a fuss about being "concrete," Ulam uses few illustrative facts, except those casually gathered during his experience of the Harvard troubles. Nor does he examine carefully why so many people were drawn to politics in the '60s, or why they kicked up a ruckus about morality in government. Compared to these questions, the question of student discipline is insignificant.

Working Through

by Leonard Kriegel

(Saturday Review Press; $6.95)

This tells the same tale that Ulam tells, but from the other side of the fence. Kriegel speaks not from the genteel remove of Harvard but from the close thicket of the City College of New York, and from a viewpoint that was at least briefly in agreement with the "student revolution." It is therefore fascinating to see that he arrives at many of the same conclusions as Ulam, though never so confidently. He agrees, for example, that the cry for relevance is self-indulgent: "Education in the fifties depended upon one's own attitudes. In a sense, the student created his own relevance because he never expected the teacher to create it for him. Relevance was not to be achieved at the expense of a general paralysis of the intelligence. . . . A little irrelevance, I was eventually to discover, could be an asset for the soul struggling with its own secrets." When college activism had passed its peak, Kriegel became aware of several retrograde tendencies in the movement: first, "our students today are ahistorical: this seems established beyond argument. They deal with the past by ignoring its existence." Secondly, they have become addicted to ideology and "political posturing." Most of all, they are confused: "Students had been quite vocal about the need for independence and equality, but when they were offered independence, they decided they would rather not accept the responsibility. They wanted more than guidance; they wanted direction." Or as Ulam puts it, they wanted Faith.

This is not to suggest that Kriegel would sympathize with Ulam's lament, or with anyone who believes that ivy league colleges offer the best atmosphere for a sophisticated education. On the contrary, Kriegel's experience as a grad student at Columbia won him to the side of the reformers. He found the English program there not just dehumanizing, but lifeless, dessicated, "geared to the creation of an assembly line of scholars." Having been at different times on both sides of the confrontation, Kriegel is able to describe and analyze its causes better than Ulam, whose opinions exude the "benevolent regality" Kriegel resented in professors at Columbia. Though he comes no closer to defining the source of unrest, Kriegel attempts a more complex portrait of the motives at work, and thereby has written a more informative book.

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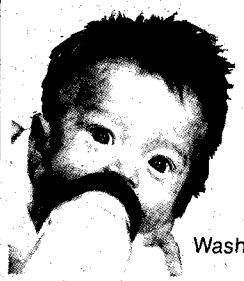

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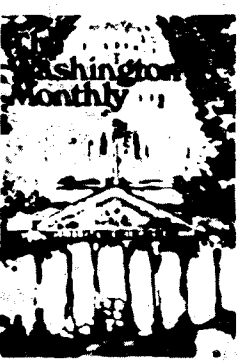

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